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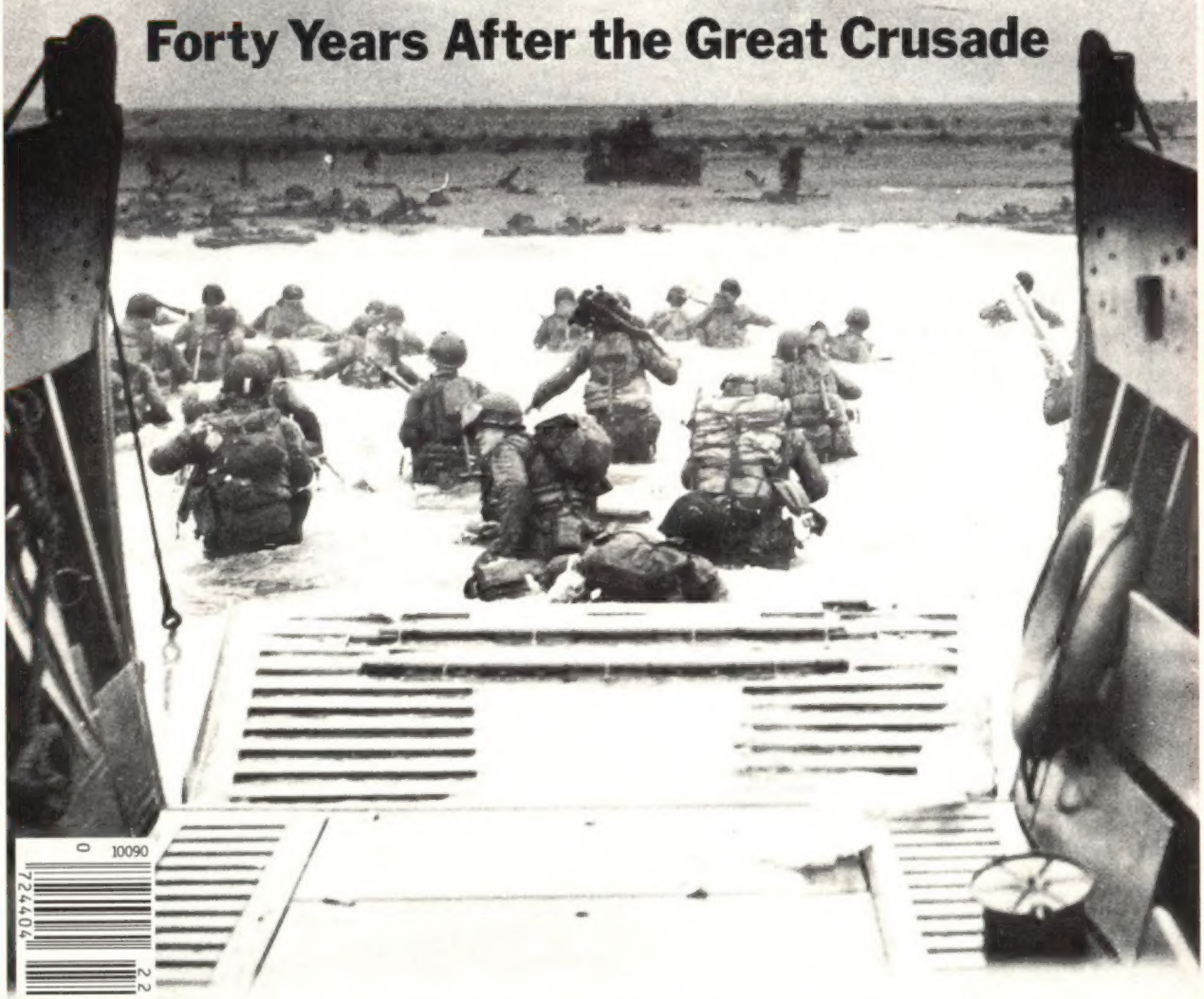
TIME

D-DAY

Forty Years After the Great Crusade



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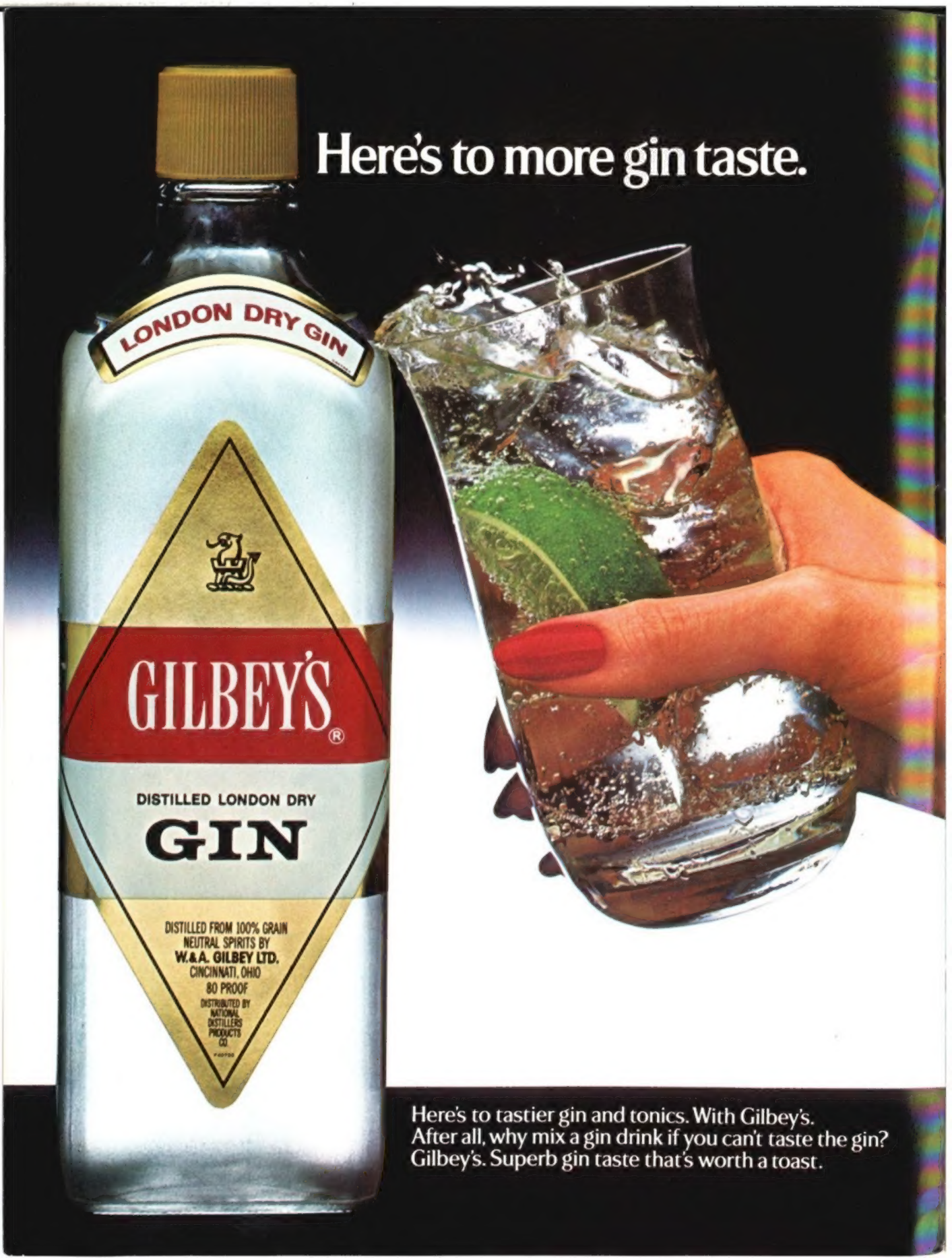
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MAY 28, 1984

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. 123 No. 22

D-DAY: Recalling a military gamble that shaped history

10

"O.K., we'll go," Eisenhower said. With that, nearly 3 million men launched a heroic assault against Hitler's tyranny. Today the invasion is still fresh in the Western imagination. It was the apotheosis of American power and morality, and of common purpose with the Allies. For returning veterans, the Norman countryside evokes crosscurrents of nostalgia, pride and guilt.

NATION: The Democrats get set for a wild ride to San Francisco

34

Mondale faces up to the possibility of a messy pre-convention scramble for uncommitted votes, while Hart savors two big victories. ▸ A fire storm erupts in the House over television coverage. ▸ A growing number of states are raising revenue by sponsoring lucrative lotteries. ▸ Searching for new clues to the mysteries still surrounding Custer's last stand.

LIVING: New Orleans is putting on the worldliest of World's Fairs

64

Brushed by a touch of magic, the fairgrounds went overnight from a construction site to a *fête accomplie.* All but two pavilions and rides were painted, powdered and primped, a cornucopia of food and music poured forth, and a marvelously fantastical Wonderwall set a tone of raffish delight. The only lack amid the excesses: summer's crowds to guarantee success.

Cover:
Photograph by U.S. Coast Guard

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A Letter from the Publisher

Frederick Painton, the Paris-based senior writer who worked on this week's cover stories marking the 40th anniversary of D-day, got his first glimpse of France in June 1945. Painton, then an 18-year-old private first class, eventually wound up in Germany as part of an intelligence unit, where he edited rambling interrogation reports on high-ranking German prisoners. "I found my year of occupation duty unpleasant," says Painton. "I still retain a sense of shock at the spectacle of a broken, defeated nation."

Painton ponders the past in Normandy

For his story on the Normandy battlefield, Painton crisscrossed the 60-mile stretch of landing beaches. At Pointe du Hoc, he explored the 100-ft. cliffs that U.S. Rangers had scaled in the face of enemy fire. "The remains of German bunkers are the only evidence that a war had been fought there," he reports. "Those bunkers were blasted into chunks of concrete that now resemble tilting Celtic dolmens."

Arthur White, a correspondent in TIME's London bureau, reported on the state of Britain during the days just before the Normandy invasion. He found his assignment "one of bittersweet nostalgia," since he was then stationed in London as a 20-year-old soldier-reporter for *Stars and Stripes*, the daily newspaper of the U.S. armed forces.

Senior Writer Otto Friedrich, who wrote the main cover story with the assistance of Reporter-Researcher Anne Hopkins, was also a newsman at the time of D-day, but on a small Vermont paper; at 15, a recent high school graduate, he was too young to fight. "But I followed the war closely," he says. "I remember how excited we all got on D-day. We knew it was the beginning of the end."

During the course of his cover labors, Friedrich discovered a little-known story about the D-day photograph that appears across pages 10 and 11 in this issue. Legendary Photojournalist Robert Capa snapped a series of pictures of the Normandy landing while under heavy fire, and then sent the film to the London office of LIFE. In releasing the dramatic photos, the magazine explained their blurry quality by noting that Capa's hands had moved. In fact, a 17-year-old darkroom assistant in London had applied too much heat as he dried Capa's negatives, destroying 98 of the 106 images and blurring the others, including Capa's now famous shot. In 1954, Capa was killed on assignment in Indochina when he stepped on a mine. The fumbling young darkroom assistant in London, Larry Burrows, went on to become a famous photojournalist himself, winning the Robert Capa award for his heroic 1960s coverage of the Viet Nam War. In 1971, Burrows was killed in a helicopter crash in Laos.

John a. Meyer

TIME

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—*Car and Driver,* Dec. 1983.
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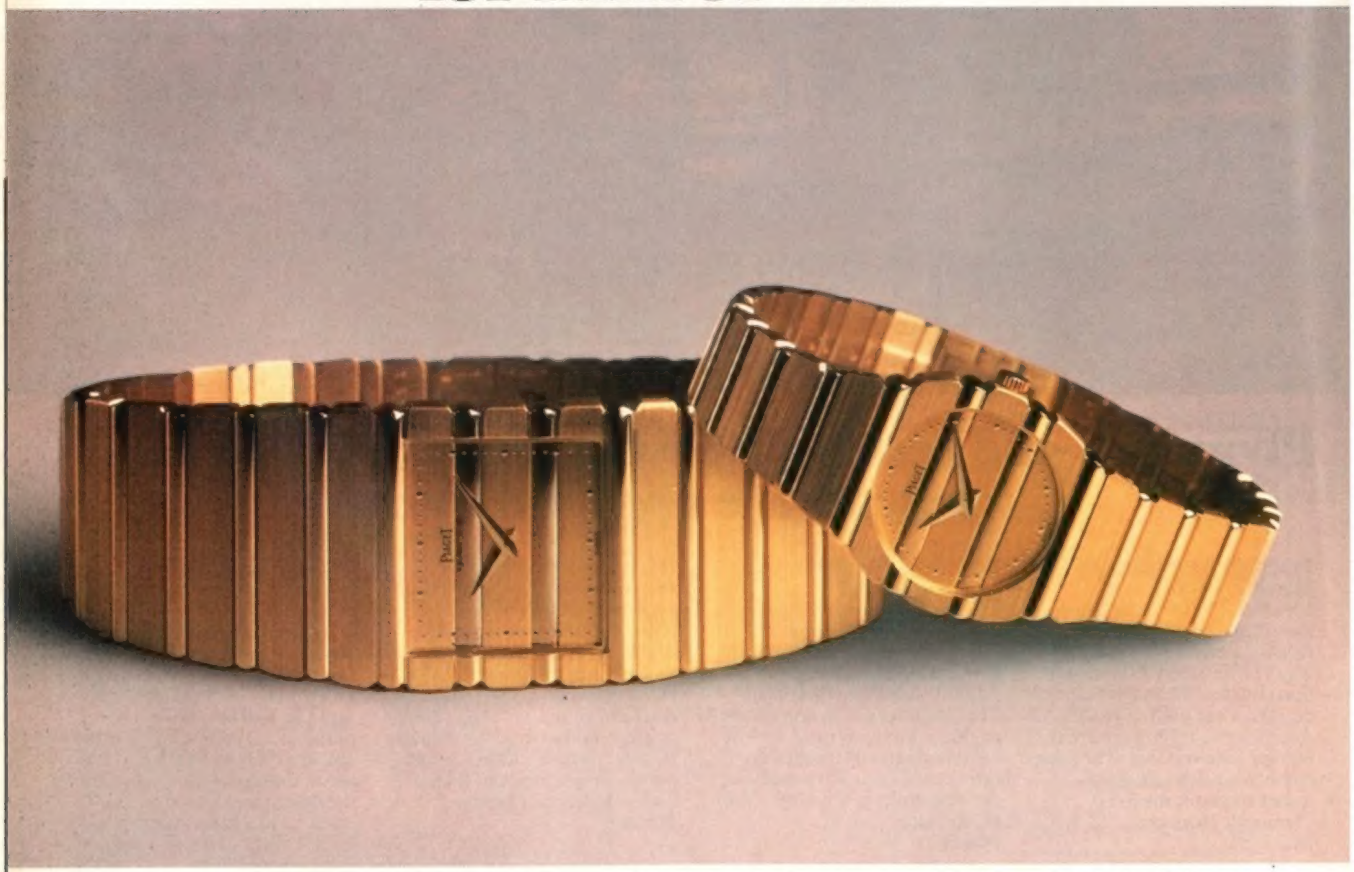

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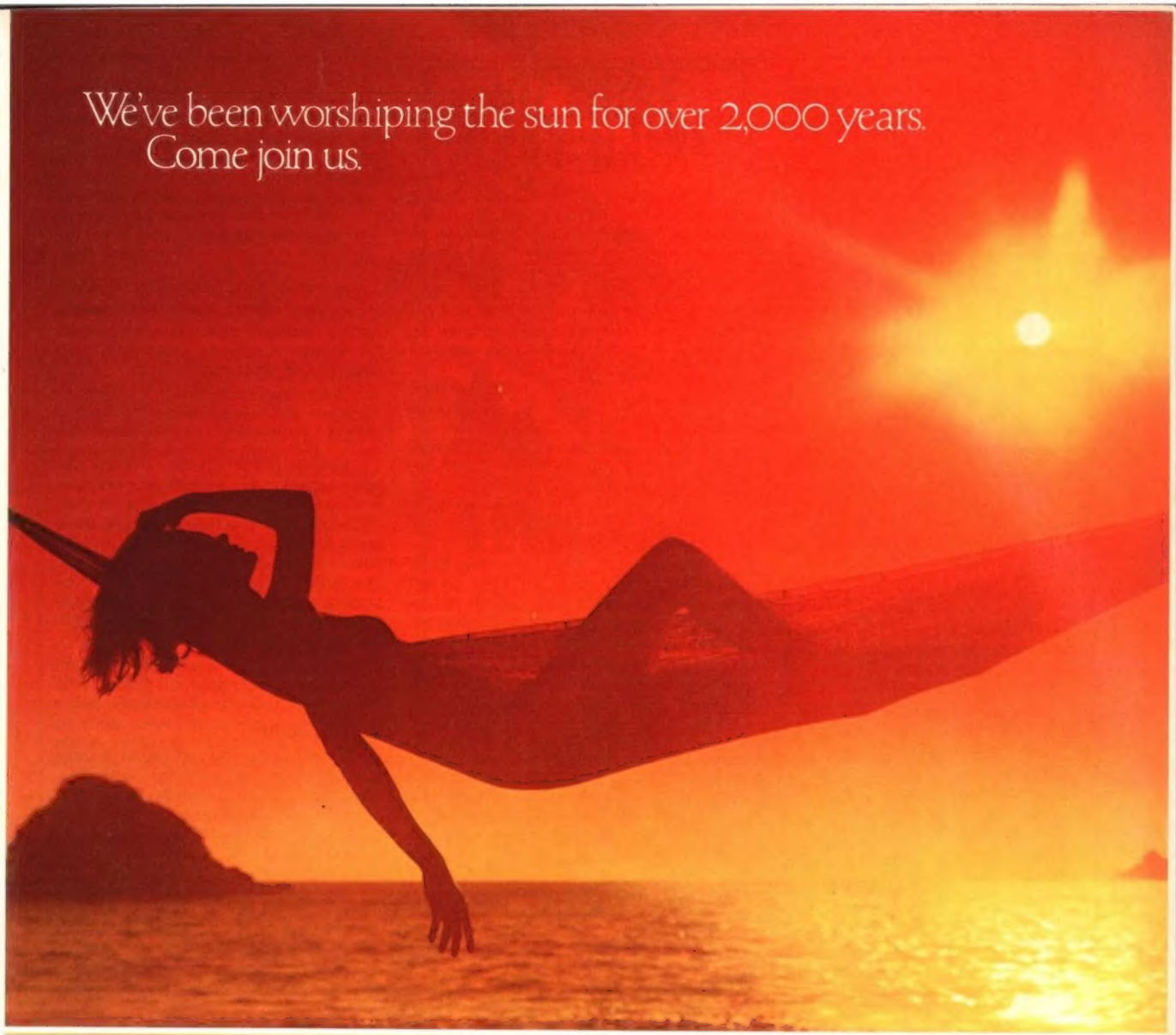

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Letters

Jackson's Bid

To the Editors:

Granted, Jesse Jackson's candidacy [NATION, May 7] is rooted in the black political conscience, but his message is the most far-reaching and freshest presented by a Democratic candidate. Jackson cuts across traditional lines of race, class and even party. We may be witnessing the most significant political event since Franklin Roosevelt took office in 1933.

Robert and Ricardo del Valle
Birmingham, Mich.

Everyone is condemning Louis Farrakhan for his remarks about Reporter Milton Coleman. Blacks are fed up with Uncle Toms who run back to Ole Massa repeating what is said among blacks. When the Knights of Columbus or B'nai B'rith have a meeting, their members do not tattle to blacks.

Jack Tuff
New York City

If there is a Republican victory this fall, the Democratic Party leaders will blame Jesse Jackson. Jackson will also be accused if Jews and others leave the Democratic ranks. If Jesse Jackson becomes the scapegoat because he has spoken out on racism, maybe blacks should also abandon the Democratic Party.

Denise Hartsfield
Washington, D.C.

Why can't people, both black and white, accept the fact that a black candidate can be successful? The era of blacks' taking a back seat and automatically supporting white politicians is over. Jackson's campaign is an introduction to a future of true equality.

Charlene I. Berry
Glendale, Calif.

I resent your implication that Jews constitute a bloc vote or can be "delivered." I am white and Jewish, and I make up my own mind. I admire what Jesse Jackson is doing for his race and for the American political process. He is enunciating things that need to be said and advocating changes that are past due.

Leo E. Heymann
New Orleans

Jesse Jackson is an inspiration to black people. Unfortunately, many blacks are oblivious to Jackson's naive view of Muammar Gaddafi, Fidel Castro, Nicaragua's Sandinistas and the Soviets. I am black, but I would not give Jackson my vote, knowing his vision of our national security is imprudent.

Clifford Wilson
Los Angeles

I do not think the blacks are so downtrodden when the mayors of six of our major cities are black.

Evelyn Lane
Canoga Park, Calif.

The quotes of mine saying Jesse Jackson "has no real program" and "doesn't know what he is doing" refer to Jackson's campaign for the 1984 Democratic presidential nomination. Of course Jackson has a policy, a specific policy on many issues, but it is not a policy calculated to win him the nomination. Jackson also knows what he is doing as a national leader, but what he is doing is not advancing his chances to be the Democratic candidate. His policies and his campaign are not going to get him nominated. If my quotes have been interpreted as general rather than specific commentaries on Jackson's chances of being the Democratic candidate in 1984, that was not my intention.

Richard M. Scammon, Director
Elections Research Center
Washington, D.C.

Space Weapons

In your article "The Case Against Star Wars Weapons" [ESSAY, May 7], Strobe Talbott takes the position that we do not have the ability to create and perfect a Star Wars system. This view does not recognize America's ability to bring about technological marvels. Talbott himself points out a reason for expanding our research into areas that would render nuclear weapons useless. He says the Soviets "have been experimenting vigorously" in the same area. Can we afford to wait and see if *their* system works?

Edward A. Thomas
San Diego

Your otherwise brilliant Essay on Star Wars weapons is fatally flawed by the omission of one critically important fact: the Soviet Union launched a crash program 14 years ago to develop space-age weaponry, notably particle and laser beams designed to melt ICBMs in their silos or in flight. If the U.S.S.R. is first with this type of capability, would the Kremlin not use its monopoly to impose its political objectives on earth? We cannot assume that Moscow would behave the way the U.S. did when it enjoyed an atomic monopoly for a brief period after World War II.

Arnaud de Borchgrave, Senior Associate
Center for Strategic and International Studies, Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

The Essay fails to focus on the well-documented Soviet violations of arms-control treaties. You also do not point out the danger of making agreements that limit the U.S. unilaterally.

Elmo R. Zumwalt Jr.
Admiral, U.S.N. (ret.)
Arlington, Va.

A less than 100% perfect strategic defense system might actually be preferable to a completely impervious one. A plan with only 50% effectiveness would leave the U.S. sufficiently vulnerable so that the Soviets need not fear our contemplating a first strike. Still, such a system would introduce enough uncertainty into the equation to dissuade the Kremlin from launching a first strike themselves.

Roger A. Karlson
Irvine, Calif.

David's Death

I greeted the news of David Kennedy's apparently drug-related death [NATION, May 7] with contempt. My disdain gave way to a lump in my throat after reading your report. Sirhan Sirhan has murdered again.

C. Frederick Roesener
Indianapolis

After reading of the emotional torture endured by David Kennedy on the night of his father's murder, I can think of little else. I do not know how he survived as long as he did.

Patricia Susan Albert
Aliquippa, Pa.

Christ as Woman

By hanging a sculpture depicting a "female Christ crucified" [RELIGION, May 7], the clergy at St. John the Divine in New York City demonstrates once again that in churches, corruption usually comes from the top.

Nick Hohmann
Berkeley, Calif.

If Cathedral Dean Parks Morton believes that *Christa* "sends a positive message to women," he misjudges some Christian women. I am in favor of the ordination of women as a matter of justice, but I also believe that Christ was a Jewish man who died crucified at a certain date in a certain place. If Jesus of Nazareth has no historical validity, then Christianity has none either.

Alicia de Colombí-Monguió
North Bennington, Vt.

Given the supposition that "artistic license" allows artists to flaunt tastelessness and crudity, symbols still cannot contradict truth. There *was* that circumcision. There is also another historical fact: in Christ's time men were crucified with their backs to the cross, facing spectators; women, the other way.

(The Rev.) Joseph T. McGloin, S.J.
Omaha

Millionaire Execs

Those million-dollar salaries paid to America's top executives [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, May 7] make me choke. These businessmen blame the Government for failing to pass trade restrictions and fault their workers for demanding higher wages. I feel cheated by these men.

Bill Parfitt
Elmira, N.Y.

It is better to pay the top man at Ford or General Motors a million dollars than to pay the bottom one $18 an hour.

Galen Hammond
Gulf Shores, Ala.

Some people are overpaid, some are underpaid, and some are paid just right. In America, the marketplace ultimately makes that decision, whether we are talking about corporate chiefs, centerfielders, goalies, golfers or rock stars. The negative comments recently launched by overpaid professors, junior investigative reporters and underpaid Government officials would confirm that everyone in America does not believe in free enterprise. Fortunately, most shareholders do.

John W. Hughes
Stratford, Conn.

The assertion in TIME about my salary is incorrect. The fact is my total compensation dropped 4.2% in 1982. My compensation (salary and bonus) in 1981 was $1,448,883 and in 1982, $1,388,072. It did not, as TIME claims, increase 36% in the face of the company's 1982 drop in earnings. Unfortunately, instead of researching the piece with sources available here at Mobil, TIME appears to have relied upon a secondary source. Clearly, the research was faulty, at least to the extent it touched me.

Rawleigh Warner Jr.
Chairman of the Board
Mobil Corp.
New York City

If you work, you deserve to be paid. If you work harder, you deserve more. And if you run a corporation smoothly and profitably while paying salaries so others can survive, you deserve the most.

Donna Joannou
Bethpage, N.Y.

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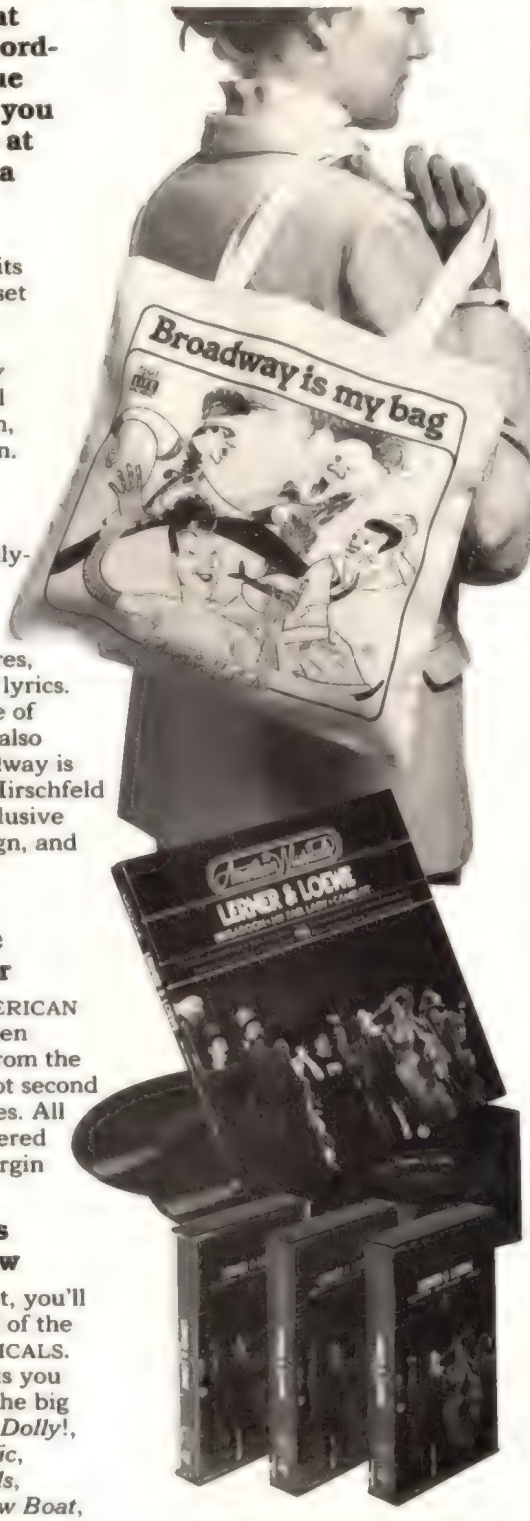

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June 6

The anniversary will be a state occasion. Queen Elizabeth will cross the channel in the Royal Yacht, *Britannia*. Other chiefs of the old Alliance—Reagan and Mitterrand and Trudeau, the Queen of The Netherlands, the King of the Belgians—will assemble for the ceremonies before some of them go on to an economic summit in London. They will fly in helicopters over the famous beaches—Omaha, Utah and the rest. They will inspect the surf through which the invaders struggled 40 years ago, young amphibians buffeted by waves and torn by crossfires. Their landfall, in a chaos of metal and smoke and dead bodies, began the end of the thousand-year Reich.

Ordinary Americans and Englishmen and Canadians and others, now in late middle age, will come as well. They will wander over the pastoral killing ground. They will search in the cemetery at Colleville-sur-Mer for the graves of friends they fought beside. They will think of themselves singing as they set off from England, "Glory, glory, what a hell of a way to die . . ." They will remember exactly the spot where they were pinned down by German machine guns, or where a shell blast sent a truck pinwheeling. They will go up again to Pointe du Hoc and shake their heads again in wonder at the men who climbed that sheer cliff while Germans fired down straight into their faces. The veterans will take photographs. But the more vivid pictures will be those fixed in their minds, the ragged, brutal images etched there on the day when they undertook to save European civilization.

The ceremonies in Normandy will celebrate the victory and mourn the dead. They will also mourn, almost subliminally, a certain moral clarity that has been lost, a sense of common purpose that has all but evaporated. Never again, perhaps, would the Allies so handsomely collaborate. The invasion of Normandy was a thunderously heroic blow dealt to the evil empire. Never again, it may be, would war seem so unimpeachably right, so necessary and just. Never again, perhaps, would American power and morality so perfectly coincide.

For one thing, it is difficult for history, more than once every few centuries, to invent a villain like Hitler and then propel him to such enormous power. The bad guys are rarely so horrible—although this century has been rather richly cast. Normandy in

Photograph by Robert Capa—Magnum

,1944

later years became an almost unconscious reply to the pacifist view of war, for Operation Overlord led to the final destruction of a tyranny that was deemed more terrible than war itself.

Besides, the terms of war changed in the world. After Normandy and Eisenhower's "Crusade in Europe" came Hiroshima, and then the cold war and the pervasive, sinister presence of the Bomb that has made crusades more problematic. If a confrontation like Normandy were to transpire now between superpowers, a struggle to the death, it might be called Armageddon.

Normandy was, of course, a joint Allied operation. But the Americans, from Eisenhower down, dominated the drama. The invasion, in a way, was a perfect expression of American capabilities: vast industrial energy and organizational know-how sent out into the world on an essentially knightly mission—the rescue of an entire continent in distress. There was an aspect of redemption in the drama, redemption in the Christian sense. The Old World, in centuries before, had tided westward to populate the New. Now the New World came back, out of the tide, literally, to redeem the Old. If there has sometimes been a messianic note in American foreign policy in postwar years, it derives in part from the Normandy configuration. America gave its begotten sons for the redemption of a fallen Europe, a Europe in the grip of a real Satan with a small mustache. The example of Hitler still haunts the Western conscience and the vocabulary of its policy (*Munich* and *appeasement*, for example). But when the U.S. has sought to redeem other lands—South Viet Nam, notably—from encroaching evil, the drama has proved more complex. The war in Viet Nam, in fact, had many Americans believing that the evil resided in themselves.

So the experience of Normandy, bloody as it was, has a kind of moral freshness in the American imagination, a quality of collective heroic virtue for which the nation may be wistful. *Liberation* meant something very wonderful and literal then. It had not acquired the cynical, even Orwellian overtone one hears in, say, "the liberation of Saigon." And there were things that seemed worth dying for without question. Today the questions always seem to overshadow the commitment. The morals of sacrifice, so clear then, are more confusing now. —***By Lance Morrow***

D-Day

TIME/MAY 28,1984

COVER STORIES

"Every Man Was a Hero"

Forty years later, a military gamble that shaped history is recalled

"From this day to the ending of the world,
. . . we in it shall be remembered,—
. . . we band of brothers;
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother."
—King Henry V

The wind howled in the darkness as they went to the meeting. It was just before 4 a.m. on June 5, 1944, and the rain slashed at them "in horizontal streaks," Dwight Eisenhower recalled later. The commanders of Operation Overlord were gathering around the fireplace in the library of Southwick House, outside Portsmouth, to hear a Scottish group captain named J.M. Stagg predict the next day's weather. On the basis of Stagg's calculations, Eisenhower would have to decide whether to give the attack order to the nearly 3 million troops assembled in southern Britain for the greatest seaborne invasion in history, the assault on Hitler's Atlantic Wall.

Just the previous day, Stagg had warned that a gale would strike on June 5, and Eisenhower had reluctantly ordered a 24-hour postponement of D-day. The first troopships, already at sea, had to be called back. But now that the storm was actually upon them, Stagg offered what he called "a gleam of hope for you, sir." The next day, June 6, there would be some clearing of the skies, a break of perhaps 36 hours, no more. The cloud ceiling over the Normandy beaches would be about 3,000 feet, the waves only about three feet high.

The risks were tremendous. Postponement would mean another month before the moon and tides would again be so favorable, yet a miscalculation now might end in enormous casualties, perhaps even a shattering defeat. "I . . . sat silently reviewing these things, maybe, I'd say, 35 or 45 seconds . . ." said Eisenhower, who had reviewed these same things many times before. "I just got up and said, 'O.K., we'll go.' "

It has been written that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Until Eisenhower made his decision, and until the highly uncertain outcome of D-day was assured, it was still theoretically possible that Hitler might yet win the war, or at least achieve a stalemate that would leave him the master of most of Europe.

The Allies had regained a great deal since the darkest days of 1941 and early 1942, when the Germans' panzer divisions swept to within 40 miles of Moscow and their Japanese allies struck at Pearl Harbor, the Philippines, Malaya. The hitherto invincible Japanese navy had been checked at the Battle of Midway in June 1942, the Soviets held fast at Stalingrad, and the Anglo-American invasion of North Africa that autumn inspired Churchill to say that although victory there might not be the beginning of the end, it was perhaps "the end of the beginning."

Now, two years later, the Soviets had smashed all the way to the Polish frontier; the Americans had pushed northward to the gates of Rome; fleets of Allied bombers were steadily pulverizing all the major cities of Germany. But Hitler's battle-hardened force of 7 million men still dominated an empire extending 1,300 miles from the Atlantic to the Dnieper, and his scientists were on the verge of unsheathing their promised victory weapons, the long-range V-1 buzz bomb and V-2 rocket.

When and where to attack Hitler's *Festung Europa* was a question that the Allies had been debating for years. After Pearl Harbor, many American military leaders were adamant that the fight against Japan receive top priority. But the Army Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, and Marshall's head planner, Brigadier General Eisenhower, argued for a strategy of throwing all possible resources into an invasion of France and the over-

Omaha Landing

Drenched by the waning storm in the English Channel, and seasick as well, American troops heading for Omaha Beach hunker down as German shells burst near their landing craft. Many of the heavily burdened troops had to scramble out into neck-deep water with machine-gun bullets splashing all around them. At least ten of the landing craft foundered, as did 27 of the amphibious tanks assigned to provide support in establishing the beachhead.

Buildup for Battle

In southern Britain, stacks of pontoons await shipment to France, where they were used to erect bridges. The two-year preparations for D-day required the greatest supply buildup in history: 2 million tons of weapons, mountains of K rations and candy bars, all bound for an artificial harbor named Port Winston.

throw of Hitler. Their major reason: the Soviets in 1942 were in full retreat, suffering heavy casualties and warning that the whole eastern front might collapse. Roosevelt and Churchill promised Stalin that they would open a second front by 1943.

Despite that promise, however, the British were haunted by the debacle of 1940, when they barely escaped destruction by evacuating their defeated army from Dunkirk just before the fall of France. They were no less haunted by the enormous bloodletting of World War I. "Memories of the Somme and Passchendaele," as Churchill put it, ". . . were not to be blotted out by time or reflection." Churchill persuaded Roosevelt to delay a risky assault on France and strike an easier target: North Africa. When that proved a swift success, the British continued urging a "Mediterranean strategy": an invasion of Sicily, an advance up the Italian peninsula. But the Italian campaign turned slow and bloody, and the American generals in Europe re-emphasized their basic plan to invade northern France, Operation Overlord. Marshall passionately wanted to take command of the operation himself. When Roosevelt insisted that he could not spare him, Marshall assigned the task to Eisenhower, by then a four-star general. Eisenhower went to London in January 1944 to lead what he was to call, on D-day itself, "a great crusade."

The Germans knew an invasion was inevitable. "An Anglo-American landing in the West will and must come," Hitler told his key commanders that spring, but he added, "How and where it will come no one knows." The obvious place to attack was the coastal bulge known as the Pas de Calais, only 20 miles across the English Channel from Dover. That was where Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, whom Hitler had assigned to defend the Atlantic Wall, expected the landing to come. Rommel deployed his whole Fifteenth Army there, 208,000 men, to defend every mile of beach. "The first 24 hours will be decisive," he said.

The Allies went to great lengths to nourish this German illusion. They repeatedly bombed and shelled the Calais area as though to soften it up for an invasion. They even created an illusory docking area near Dover, complete with inflated rubber tanks, fake landing barges, dummy warehouses and barracks. Eisenhower assigned his friend, Lieut. General George S. Patton Jr., to command a largely phantom "First United States Army Group," which sent out messages about imaginary activities of the nonexistent troops. The British, meanwhile, created a fictitious "Fourth Army" in Edinburgh to threaten an invasion of Norway. The British were secretly monitoring the German response to the Allies' feints with ULTRA, the system by which the British had cracked the German code and could eavesdrop on all German military radio traffic.

The real goal, of course, was the crescent-shaped row of beaches along the northern coast of Normandy. They lay 100 miles from the great British ports of Southampton and Portsmouth, a span that no invader had successfully crossed in nearly three centuries. The Allies spent two years turning all of southern Britain into an arsenal and point of departure. They built 163 new airfields. They shipped in 2 million tons of weapons and supplies, 1,500 tanks, mountains of food and fuel. Since the targeted beachfront lacked harbors, Allied engineers built two enormous artificial harbors that could be towed across the Channel and moored in place once the beaches were won.

D-day was supposed to be early in May, but when British Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery took up his post as

The Strategists

Memorable figures on both sides. Clockwise from upper left: Supreme Allied Commander Dwight Eisenhower, the military diplomat, as he wishes luck to parachutists of the 101st Airborne just before their departure for the drop on Normandy; Britain's tempestuous Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, operational commander of land forces, briefing reporters on the campaign's progress; Germany's independent-minded Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, who was charged with defending the Atlantic Wall; and Lieut. General Omar Bradley, the quiet, self-effacing commander of the U.S. First Army.

Eisenhower's deputy for ground forces that January, he immediately balked at the preliminary plans for a 25-mile-wide invasion front. He told Eisenhower, who already had strong misgivings of his own, that the front must be much broader, about 50 miles, so that the Allies could land at least five divisions, instead of the planned three. The planners said they did not have enough landing craft for such an expansion. Get them, said Montgomery. That was impossible by the May deadline, said the planners. Then change the deadline, said Monty.

This was the final plan: 58,000 men from the U.S. First Army under General Omar Bradley would attack on the western section, at two strips code-named Omaha Beach and Utah Beach. To the east, a force of 75,000 men, drawn mostly from Lieut. General Sir Miles Dempsey's British Second Army but also including a Canadian division and an assortment of French, Polish and Dutch troops, would invade three adjoining beaches, Gold, Juno and Sword. Some 16,000 paratroopers from the U.S. 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions would drop in first to guard the western flank against counterattacks, and 8,000 men of the British 6th Airborne would seize and guard the eastern flank.

On the German side, Rommel had some 500,000 men strung out along an 800-mile front from Holland to Brittany, and he knew only too well how vulnerable they were. Since the bulk of German power was committed to the Russian front, his 213,000-man Seventh Army, charged with defending Normandy, was an untested force, filled out with middle-aged conscripts and unreliable recruits from Eastern Europe. Only 70,000 of the defenders were stationed near the targeted beaches. The Luftwaffe's fighter defenses had been seriously depleted in two years of air battles, and the remnants were in the process of being pulled back to defend the Reich itself. Three crack panzer divisions stood ready as a reserve, but Rommel could not count on them, for Hitler insisted on retaining personal control over their movements. Only recently had Rommel succeeded in organizing a crash program to install 1 million mines a month along the heavily barricaded beaches.

The most serious German failure, though, was in military intelligence. Apparently because of the bad weather, neither naval patrols nor reconnaissance planes maintained surveillance of the invasion preparations on the crucial last day before the landing. German meteorologists assured their commanders that the storm would prevent any Allied attack, and that prediction prompted Rommel to take a quick trip home. His wife's birthday happened to fall on June 6. When Rommel heard the news from Normandy at his home near Ulm, he could only say, "How stupid of me! How stupid of me!"

German intelligence had managed to learn in advance that when the BBC broadcast a sequence of two well-known lines of Verlaine's poetry, it was announcing to the French underground that the invasion would begin within 48 hours. At 10:15 p.m. on June 5, a German radio monitor with the Fifteenth Army in Calais heard the second line, *"Blessent mon coeur d'une langueur monotone"* (Wound my heart with a monotonous languor). The monitor warned his superiors; they ordered an alert, but nobody ever passed the word to the Seventh Army. These German intelligence failures and Eisenhower's daring gamble on the weather combined to give the Allied commander the one great weapon that he absolutely had to have: surprise.

Unaware of the German lapses, the Allies agonized until the last moment about the tremendous risks they were taking. "I am very uneasy about the whole operation . . ." said Sir Alan Brooke, chief of the Imperial General Staff, as late as June 5. "It may well be the most ghastly disaster of the whole war." In that same final week, Eisenhower's British deputy for air operations, Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, formally protested to Ike about the planned American parachute assault, which he said would result in the "futile slaughter" of two fine divisions.

Eisenhower could hardly help being troubled. "I went to my tent alone and sat down to think," he said. If he canceled the airdrop, that would leave the invaders of Utah Beach vulnerable to a German counterattack. He decided to stick to his plan. There is often, at such times, a sense of fatalism, of something preor-

Command of the Air

Unopposed A-20 bombers from the U.S. Ninth Air Force attack German coastal defenses. Allied air superiority proved critically important throughout the Normandy campaign, first in softening up German positions, then in guarding the invaders on the beaches and finally in harassing German tanks moving forward for counterattacks. Germany's dwindling supply of fighters had been moved back to defend the Reich itself against punishing Allied bombing raids.

dained. General Matthew B. Ridgway, commander of the 82nd Airborne, felt it no less strongly. "Sometimes, at night," he recalled, "it was almost as if I could hear the assurance that God the Father gave to another soldier, named Joshua: 'I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.' "

Eisenhower spent that last night among the men of the 101st Airborne, who called themselves the Screaming Eagles. They had blackened their faces with burnt cork, and many had shaved their heads so that they looked like Indian warriors. They were tense and nervous, weighed down with not only rifles, pistols, knives and grenades but also cigarettes, first-aid kits, fresh socks, about 100 lbs. in all. Eisenhower's talk was simple but encouraging: "Where are you from, Soldier? Did you get those shoulders working in a coal mine? Good luck to you tonight, Soldier."

As the long line of twin-engine C-47s began taking off at seven-second intervals from Welford shortly after 10 p.m., Eisenhower stood there watching, his hands sunk deep in his pockets. He went on watching until the last plane circled into the darkness overhead. A correspondent standing near him said the general's eyes were full of tears. That same afternoon, after he watched the first troop convoys preparing to depart, Eisenhower had scribbled a strange note for himself, a message that would be ready if everything ended in disaster: "Our landings . . . have failed . . . The troops, the Air and Navy did all that bravery and devotion to duty could do. If any blame or fault attaches to the attempt it is mine alone."

The 822 C-47s flew in tight, nine-plane V formations across the English Channel, an armada of shadows, only their lavender wing lights clearly visible in the thin moonlight. They took more than three hours to cross the Channel, then they dropped to 700 ft. to make their landing run. Suddenly they plunged into the turbulence of a thick bank of clouds. The pilots reflexively separated to avoid collision. As they emerged from the blinding clouds, sheets of flak began exploding all around them. Sergeant Louis Truax saw his plane's left wing hit, and then the paratroopers went sprawling. "One man dived out the door headfirst," he said. "I grabbed the ammo belt . . . of the man I thought next and gave him a heave out nose first. The next man made it crawling . . . Then I dived."

Some men were dropped miles from their landing sites, some were dropped far out at sea, some were dropped so low that their parachutes never opened. Private Donald Burgett recalled that they "made a sound like large, ripe pumpkins being thrown down against the ground." The 101st's commander, Major General Maxwell Taylor, was dropped at 500 ft. and said later, "God must have opened the chute."

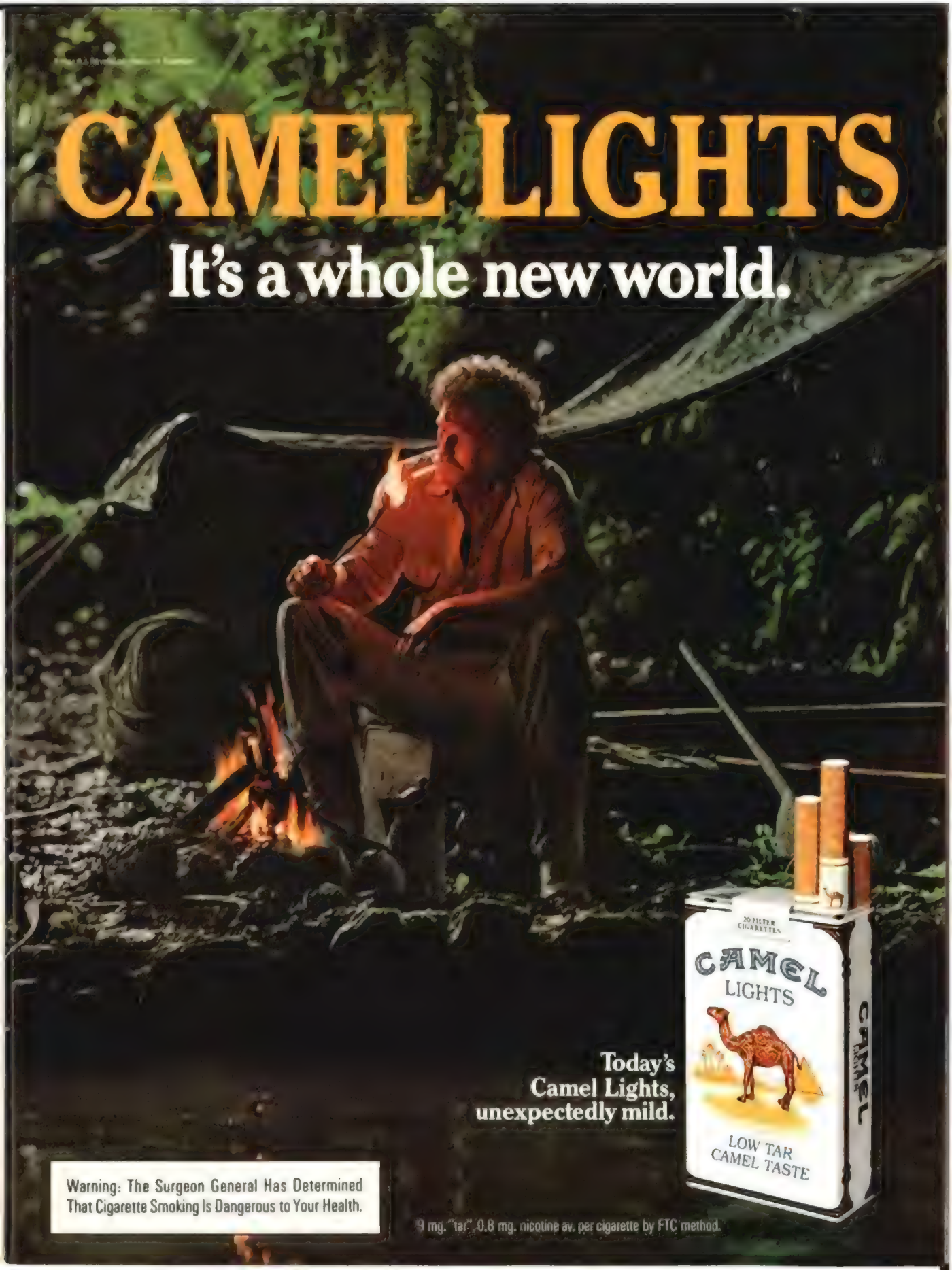
There was another unforeseen hazard. The Germans had permitted a number of rivers to flood the fields, and many paratroopers landed with their burden of supplies in three or four feet of water. Father Francis Sampson, a Catholic chaplain, sank into water over his head and just barely managed to cut himself free from his chute. Then he had to dive down five or six times to retrieve his equipment for saying Mass. Private John Steele had a different kind of religious problem: his parachute caught on the steeple of the church in Ste.-Mère-Eglise, so he played dead while German patrols prowled the streets below. A stray bullet hit him in the foot. He watched another ammunition-laden paratrooper land on a burning house and explode. Others were shot while hanging in trees. After two hours, a German finally spotted Steele, cut him down and took him prisoner. American forces later rescued him when they occupied the town, the first in France to be liberated.

All night long the scattered paratroopers worked to re-establish contact, snapping cricket noisemakers to locate each other. (Most of their radios had been lost, along with 60% of their other supplies.) Sometimes the cricket sound drew German gunfire, but more often it brought lonely stragglers together into makeshift units (others remained lost for days). "When I began to use my cricket," General Taylor recalled, "the first man I met in the darkness I thought was a German until he cricketed. He was the most beautiful soldier I'd ever seen, before or since. We threw our arms around each other, and from that moment I knew we had won the war."

Sometimes a single man could overcome absurd odds. Staff Sergeant Harrison Summers of the 101st was ordered to take 15 men and attack a German artillery barracks known only as WXYZ, actually a cluster of stone farm buildings. When the 15 showed signs of reluctance, Summers somewhat recklessly decided to goad them by leading the charge himself. He kicked in a door and sprayed the room with his submachine gun. Four Germans fell dead, and the rest ran out a back door. None of Summers' men had followed him, so he alone charged the second building; the Germans fled. By this time, one of Summers' men was providing covering fire as Summers burst into the third and fourth buildings, killed twelve Germans and chased out the rest. A private crept up and said to Summers, "Why are you doing it?" Said Summers: "I can't tell you." Said the private: "O.K., I'm with you." At the next building, the Americans killed 30 more Germans. Then they found 15 Germans inexplicably eating breakfast and shot them all. At the last building, the support gunner's tracers set the roof on fire, and an additional 30 Germans stumbled out to be shot down.

To the east, the British 6th Airborne had a somewhat easier time of it. Landing close to their targets just after midnight, the glider troops and parachutists caught the Germans by surprise. By dawn they had captured their main objectives, the bridges across the Orne and Dives rivers, securing the eastern flank of the British landing site.

The American assault from the Channel was set for 6:30 a.m. In the first gray and misty light, the sea suddenly appeared full of ships, some 5,000 vessels of every variety, and from the giant battleships came a deafening barrage. The *Texas* and *Arkansas*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U.S. ARMY

Widening the Breach

U.S. troops and equipment kept pouring onto Omaha Beach after the D-day victory to reinforce units pressing inland. Barricades implanted by the Germans were a major obstacle to the first wave of invaders, right; but once the beaches could be partly cleared, Allied convoys funneled enormous quantities of supplies across the Channel from England, including more than 80,000 trucks and other vehicles during the first eleven days. The average G.I. used an estimated 30 lbs. of food, ammunition and other supplies every day.

ROBERT CAPA—MAGNUM

trained their 14-in. guns on German artillery batteries atop the cliffs towering over Omaha Beach; the *Nevada* and three cruisers pounded nearby Utah Beach. Twelve miles offshore, thousands of infantrymen scrambled down sheets of netting into the boxlike landing craft that began chugging toward the heavily mined and barricaded shore. Aboard the flagship *Augusta*, General Bradley stood with ears plugged by cotton and watched through binoculars as the vanguard of the 1st and 29th Infantry Divisions waded slowly into German machine-gun fire on Omaha Beach. "The commanders who are engaged report that everything is proceeding according to plan," Churchill was to announce proudly in the House of Commons at noon that day. "And what a plan!"

To the top commanders, everything is always part of a plan, but to the ordinary soldiers in the landing craft, the invasion seemed more like a series of fragments that added up to chaos. The storm that was supposed to have died down still churned up waves four and five feet high, and the landing craft wallowed through them. White-capped waves slurped over the sides. Seasickness became epidemic. Drenched, shivering, scared and loaded down with almost 70 lbs. of wet battle gear, they had to keep bailing.

At least ten of the 1,500 small landing craft foundered. One lost 30 men out of 32 aboard. Others took shellbursts and a steady pinging of bullets against the steel sides. Still others collided with the jagged obstacles and barbed wire that the Germans had embedded along the beach. The heavily burdened invaders had to scramble out into neck-deep water, or worse. A number of amphibious craft loaded with artillery turned back. Armored units had an even harder time. Their Sherman DD tanks were outfitted with devices that were supposed to keep them afloat while they lurched ashore, but of the first 32 launched, 27 sank in the choppy waves and plunged to the bottom, taking most of their helpless five-man crews with them.

"Bullets tore holes in the water around me and I made for the nearest steel obstacle . . ." said Robert Capa, the only photographer to go ashore with the first troops. "Fifty yards ahead of me, one of our half-burnt amphibious tanks stuck out of the water and offered me my next cover . . . Between floating bodies I reached it, paused for a few more pictures and gathered my guts for the last jump to the beach . . ."

Lieut. Edward Tidrick was hit in the throat when he jumped into the water. Another bullet hit him as he lay on the beach. He gasped out a last command: "Advance with the wire cutters!" There were no wire cutters; they had been lost in the blood-streaked water.

Everywhere there were noise, explosions, gunfire and wrenching cries for help. "Medico! Medico! I'm hit! Help me!" Aboard one landing craft, a German shell struck a flamethrower strapped to one soldier's back. The explosion set the whole landing craft on fire, and it burned all day long, the fire punctuated by explosions from the craft's ammunition supply.

Captain Charles Cawthon of the 29th Division managed to reach cover under the embankment at the far end of Omaha Beach, and there he found that his gun was clogged with salt water and sand. "The embankment was strewn with rifles, Browning automatics and light machine guns, all similarly fouled," he recalled. "Except for one tank that was blasting away from the sand toward the exit road, the crusade in Europe

at this point was disarmed and naked before its enemies."

Several officers desperately tried to move their pinned-down men off the beach. But there were only four heavily defended exit roads and the bluffs ahead. "They're murdering us here!" cried Colonel Charles D. Canham, commander of the 116th Regiment, a blood-soaked handkerchief around his wounded wrist. "Let's move inland and get murdered."

Brigadier General Norman ("Dutch") Cota, assistant commander of the 29th Division, waved his .45 pistol as he strode heedlessly through the gunfire. When he found a cluster of soldiers in the shelter of the embankment, he asked them who they were. They said they were Rangers. "Then, goddammit," said the general, "if you're Rangers, get up and lead the way." They did. Under the cover of a brushfire that had been started by the Navy shelling, 35 men managed to scale the bluffs and get behind the German gun positions.

Another unit of 225 Rangers under Lieut. Colonel James Rudder was dispatched to Pointe du Hoc, a 100-foot-high promontory four miles west of Omaha and ten miles east of Utah. Their assignment: to knock out six heavily defended German 155-mm guns that could command both beaches. They fired rocket-propelled grappling hooks up to the top of the cliff and then began the fearful climb up ropes and ladders. The Germans splattered the oncoming Rangers with machine-gun fire, grenades, even boulders, and they managed to cut several of the ropes on which the Rangers were inching upward. By the time Rudder's men had seized the cratered cliff (and radioed back, "Praise the Lord"), only 90 of the 225 could still bear arms. And the German guns they had fought to capture they found hidden in an orchard a mile away, apparently moved as a result of earlier air raids.

The ships, meanwhile, kept ferrying in more troops, more guns, more supplies. Major Stanley Bach of the 1st Infantry Division managed to scribble a few notes: he saw a landing craft hit three mines. "Navy men go flying through the air into the water. They never come up." He saw a shell hit a beached landing craft, "flames everywhere, men burning alive." And again: "Direct hit on 2½-ton truck gasoline load; another catches fire . . . men's clothes on fire . . . attempt to roll in sand to put out flames."

And still the Navy kept bombarding the coast. "The destroyers had run in almost to the beach and were blowing every pillbox out of the ground with their five-inch guns," wrote Ernest Hemingway, who watched from one of the landing craft. "I saw a piece of German about three feet long with an arm on it sail high up into the air in the fountaining of one shellburst. It reminded me of a scene in *Petrouchka*."

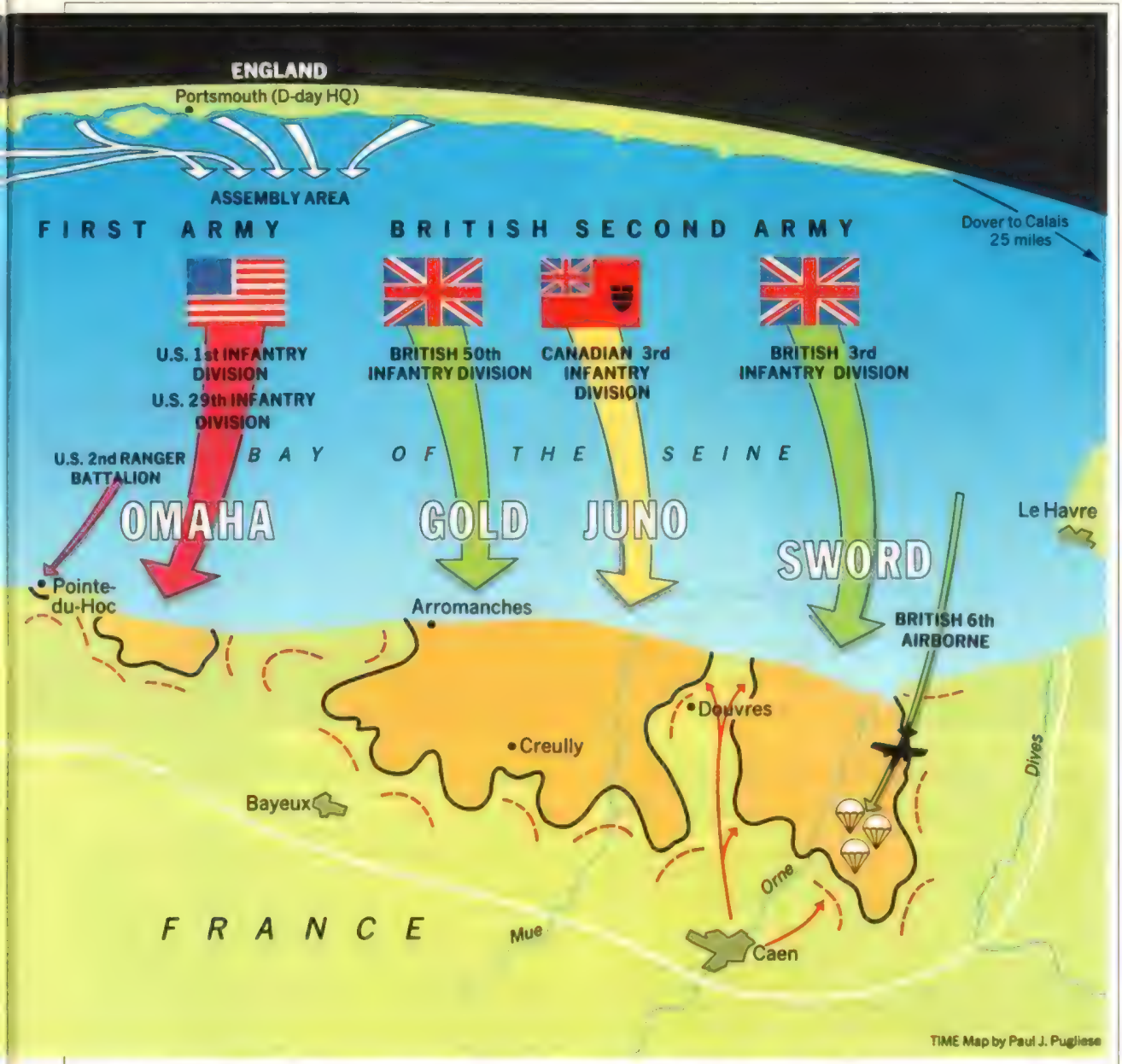
When General Bradley first spotted the faint shapes of his soldiers' corpses scattered along the beach, he began to fear that "our forces had suffered an irreversible catastrophe." He even considered abandoning Omaha Beach and diverting the reinforcements to Utah. But at 1:30 that afternoon he finally got a radio message that said, "Troops formerly pinned down . . . advancing up heights." Later, when the "nightmare" was all over, he could only say, "Every man who set foot on Omaha Beach that day was a hero."

By the end of D-day, the Americans held the ridge of cliffs overlooking Omaha Beach, and had pushed about a mile inland. They had landed two-thirds of their forces and suffered more than 90% of their casualties there. East and west of Omaha Beach, the landings had gone much more successfully. The U.S. 4th Division had seized Utah Beach with relatively little opposition and joined forces with the paratroopers who had been dropped near Ste.-Mère-Eglise. The British and Canadians had overwhelmed their three beaches and advanced about three miles inland toward the city of Caen. All told, the Allies had landed five divisions, some 154,000 men. It was a very precarious grip on the European mainland, but for this day, it would suffice.

Victory did not come cheap. The American losses reported for that day were grievous: 1,465 killed, 3,184 wounded, 1,928 missing. The British, who never announced their losses, were estimated to have suffered 2,500 to 3,000 casualties. Canadian casualties came to 946. Total Allied casualties: about 10,000. Estimates of German casualties: 4,000 to 9,000.

If there were mistakes and failures on the Allied side, they were insignificant compared with the blunders by the Germans. Not only did Rommel spend D-day speeding through the countryside, not only had the Luftwaffe withdrawn all the planes that were needed in Normandy, but the armored regiments that should have been thrown into the defense of Omaha Beach could not move without direct orders from Hitler, and Hitler's aides refused to wake him before 9:30 a.m.

When he did get up and hear the news, he persisted in believing that the Normandy invasion was just a feint, that he still had to guard against the real invasion that would occur at Calais. Not until ten hours after the Normandy landings did the first tanks of the 21st Panzer Division go into action against the British, and the British beat them back. When Rommel finally returned to his headquarters that night, he found his chief of staff, Lieut. General Hans Speidel, listening to Wagnerian opera records. One of Rommel's aides protested, but Speidel coolly answered, "You don't think that my playing a little music is going to stop the invasion now, do you?"



TIME Map by Paul J. Pugliese

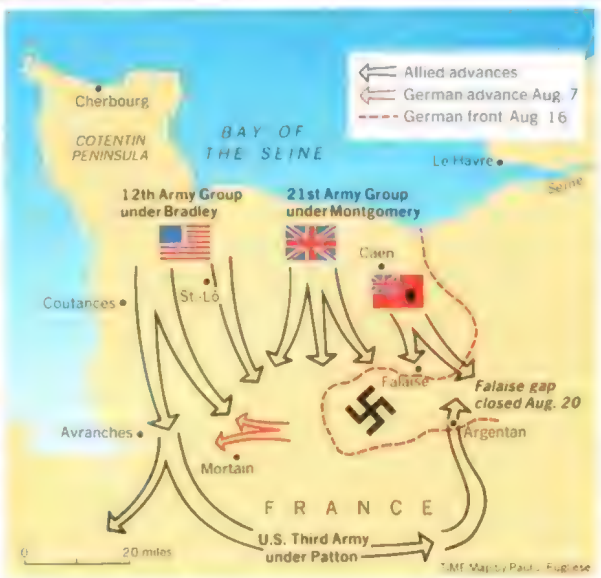
By then, nothing was likely to do that. The Americans kept pouring in; by the end of July, more than 800,000 had landed. With them came an almost unimaginable flood of equipment. Each day the average G.I. used up to 30 lbs. of food, ammo, gasoline and other supplies. More than 80,000 trucks and other vehicles landed in the first eleven days after D-day. Sixty million packs of K rations arrived in the first three weeks. Then came ice-cream machines, filing cabinets, blankets.

After the beaches had been secured on D-day, the first order of business was to organize a breakout. It had been an important part of Montgomery's strategy that British forces should thrust inland some 20 miles on D-day itself, well beyond Caen, a commercial crossroads. Partly out of caution, partly out of weariness, the vanguard of the British I Corps halted for the night about halfway there, some four miles north of the city. Compared with the victory on the beachhead, the failure to reach Caen that first day seemed a minor shortcoming. Montgomery even invited Churchill on June 10 to visit his forward headquarters in a lake-studded Norman château, and Churchill admired "the prosperity of the countryside . . . full of lovely red and white cows basking or parading in the sunshine."

The conquest of Caen was considered essential for Allied armor to break out of the checkerboard hedgerows of Normandy and move on to the plains leading to Paris. But Montgomery's British forces could not manage to rout the two panzer divisions that had quickly established themselves on the outskirts of Caen. In the first week, the British tried a direct assault; toward the end of June, they tried two encircling attacks. Each time they failed. On the night of July 7, some 450 heavy bombers pounded Caen, and only then did the Germans begin to evacuate the rubble.

Montgomery's failure aroused severe criticism. "Montgomery went to great lengths explaining why the British had done nothing," General Patton wrote bitterly in his diary. There was talk of removing the temperamental Montgomery, and Churchill almost urged it. Other critics* have faulted not only Montgomery but some of his commanders and troops, who seemed to have become cautious, unimaginative, war-weary.

*For example, Max Hastings, author of a skillful new study, *Overlord*, due out next month.



U.S. ARMY

ROBERT CAPA — MAGNUM

Allied Breakout

Two months of bloody stalemate ended with a U.S. breakthrough at St.-Lô, an ill-fated German counterattack toward Avranches, and Allied encirclement of Germans near Falaise. At right, U.S. antitank unit fires on German armor, and U.S. ambulances bring wounded soldiers back to the beach for transfer to Britain.

If so, it was painfully understandable, for the British alone had been fighting courageously against Hitler ever since the war began. While France collapsed and the Soviets stood as temporary allies of Germany, Churchill told his people that he had "nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat," and for five long years they had proudly pledged themselves to that offer.

On June 27, Major General J. Lawton Collins' VII Corps captured Cherbourg (after the besieged Germans had destroyed most of the port facilities), but the Americans remained just as penned in as the British. More than 1 million men now appeared stalemated on a front of no more than 100 miles, and while neither side could win a decisive advantage in the swampy and hedgerowed terrain, both suffered heavy losses. "We were stuck," said Corporal Bill Preston of the 743rd Tank Battalion. "Something dreadful seemed to have happened in terms of the overall plan."

It was Bradley, working away with colored crayons on a set of maps in the seclusion of his tent, who figured out the solution that was to become known as Operation Cobra. "I said I didn't want to stand up and slug, but . . . at one time we were going to have to," Bradley told an aide. "Afterward we can make the breakthrough and run deep."

The point Bradley chose for slugging was a road that ran westward from the gutted city of St.-Lô toward a town called Périers. He picked "Lightning Joe" Collins to seize that road. At a cost of 5,000 casualties, the 29th and 35th Divisions finally captured the heights just west of St.-Lô.

Collins had discovered a secret weapon to get his tanks by Normandy's dense hedgerows. A sergeant in the 2nd Armored Division devised a way to attach to the front of a tank a pair of saw-toothed tusks, made from the steel barricades that once obstructed the landing beaches. These tusks could hack through a hedgerow in a few minutes.

Once the breakthrough came, it came quickly. Within a week after Collins' men had seized the St.-Lô–Périers road, General Patton's newly organized Third Army started to push south and in one day advanced 40 miles into Brittany. "Whether the enemy can still be stopped at this point is questionable," German headquarters near Paris warned Hitler. "The enemy air superiority is terrific and smothers almost every one of our movements . . . Losses in men and equipment are extraordinary."

Hitler launched his "retaliation" against Britain scarcely a week after D-day: some 2,300 V-1s hit London that summer, killing 5,400 civilians more or less at random. But this new terror weapon failed to achieve Hitler's hope of somehow reversing Germany's military fortunes. On June 23, the Soviets launched a gigantic midsummer offensive across a 300-mile front east of Minsk and demolished 28 German divisions within a month. On July 20, Hitler's own Wehrmacht officers turned against him. Colonel Count Claus von Stauffenberg planted under Hitler's conference table a bomb that was supposed to kill the Führer. A shaken and partly deafened Hitler survived to wreak vengeance on the conspirators (even Rommel, who was not directly involved, was forced to take poison) and to add a manic streak to his own supervision of the war.

Hitler's top generals urged him to pull back from Normandy and establish a new defensive line on the Seine. Hitler refused. He ordered Field Marshal Günther von Kluge, his commander in the west, to launch an immediate counterattack against the American breakthrough force. Into this he flung not only the battered remnants of the Seventh Army but also the Fifteenth Army, which had been at the Pas de Calais awaiting the invasion that never came. Their mission: to cut through American lines to the port of Avranches and isolate the twelve American divisions that Patton had led south into Brittany.

Bradley was delighted at the prospect: "This is an opportunity that comes to a commander not more than once in a century," he gloated to a visitor from Washington. "We are about to destroy an entire hostile army." As the Germans plunged westward, Bradley began creating an enormous pincer to encircle them. Patton's tanks raced eastward toward Argentan while the British moved south from Caen toward Falaise. When Von Kluge's offensive hit the American lines near Mortain, it hit hard. But the Americans held until reinforcements could reach them. "What a sight they

UPI/BETTMANN ARCHIVE

were, coming off the hill!" one lieutenant said, recalling that moment toward the end of the six-day battle when the relief troops arrived.

Then Bradley began to close his pincers. Patton's forces reached Argentan on Aug. 12, and Bradley ordered Patton to halt there and wait for the British to reach Falaise. But it took another week before Canadian forces finally closed the trap. During that time, a sizable number of German troops managed to escape through the unclosed pincer, but a good many more failed. Within the trap, ten German divisions were taken prisoner, and bodies lay everywhere, some 10,000 in all. "It was literally possible," said Eisenhower, "to walk for hundreds of yards at a time, stepping on nothing but dead and decaying flesh." Bulldozers were called in to sweep away the carnage.

And so the battle for Normandy was over, and when it was, the end of the war was in sight. "If by the coming winter you have freed beautiful Paris from the hands of the enemy," Churchill had said to Eisenhower shortly before D-day, "I will assert the victory to be the greatest of modern times." Said Eisenhower: "Prime Minister, I assure you that the coming winter will see the Allied forces on the borders of Germany itself." It took less than a week after the closing of the Falaise gap, until Aug. 24, for the Allies to reach the gates of Paris. There was lots of hard fighting ahead—the Battle of the Bulge, Arnhem, not to mention Iwo Jima and Okinawa—but the Allied victory was now inevitable.

But what if it had all gone differently back there on the beaches of Normandy? What if the Luftwaffe had been there to bomb and strafe the invaders? What if the panzers had moved in quickly for a counterattack? What if the storm had suddenly worsened? What if the whole landing force had been destroyed on the beach?

Hitler once indulged in some sanguine speculations. "Once the landing has been defeated, it will under no circumstances be repeated by the enemy," he told aides. Roosevelt would be defeated in the 1944 elections, "and, with luck, he would finish up somewhere in jail." Even Eisenhower, a natural optimist, thought a defeat on D-day "might mean the complete redeployment to other theaters (*i.e.*, the Pacific) of all United States forces."

Bloody Skirmishes

U.S. antitank unit, pinned down by sniper fire in a Normandy field, opens up on a house believed to be the source of firing. "I didn't want to stand up and slug," said General Bradley, "but at one time we were going to have to."

More probably, the consequences would have been somewhat less apocalyptic. The Allies were all deeply and emotionally committed to the destruction of Nazism, and American industrial power was already more than making up for the depletion of British and Soviet resources. The odds are that the Allies would have reorganized their forces and invaded all over again, perhaps aiming at southern France or the Balkans. And the atomic bomb was well under way. The war had to be won.

When the fighting ended, both victors and vanquished found themselves in a world that had been changed forever. Most important, perhaps, was that the U.S., long a second-rank power primarily concerned with its own affairs, was now the world's unique superpower. "The U.S. became conscious of its world role and of its duty toward the world," says former French Foreign Secretary Maurice Schumann, who waded ashore with a British unit on D-day. "That feeling remains."

Scarcely less important, though, was that the battered and backward Soviets had also won themselves a major role in the world. It was that prospect, in fact, that inspired some Western strategists to argue for a Normandy invasion as early as 1943, not only to help Stalin continue fighting but to prevent him from eventually dominating Central Europe. One such strategist was General Albert C. Wedemeyer, who helped draft the Overlord strategy later adopted by Eisenhower and Marshall. "The idea

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here," says Wedemeyer, now 87, "was to get ashore as early as we could, advance as fast as we could, and at war's end have Anglo-American troops in control." Churchill too had hopes of advancing into the Balkans and perhaps even reaching Vienna before the Soviets. The Big Three leaders agreed at the Yalta Conference of February 1945, however, that the advancing Allied armies should meet in central Germany, thus dividing the conquered land and consigning Eastern Europe to the Soviets.

To more idealistic observers, the Allied invasions demonstrated the power of international cooperation. It was the success of the wartime alliance that inspired the founders of the United Nations in 1945. The Marshall Plan was the victorious general's idea for international economic reconstruction. Even when the cold war destroyed all hope of global cooperation, memories of the wartime alliance inspired the birth of NATO and the Common Market.

Other changes that were inherent in the peace of 1945 took longer to become fully clear. When the Soviet army liberated Maidanek and Auschwitz and the other Nazi death camps in Poland, the birth of Israel in 1948 became an inevitability. The Middle East would never be the same.

More broadly, the end of the war permanently altered the imperial relations that had governed much of the world for about four centuries. Churchill, who once said he had not become Prime Minister to oversee the liquidation of the British Empire, lived to see it liquidated by others. India, Malaya, Kenya and other imperial outposts demanded and won the right to govern themselves. France's General De Gaulle, who had simply been notified of D-day rather than invited to help lead the attack, imperiously reasserted French claims to rule Lebanon, West Africa and Indochina. The Dutch vainly tried to cling to Indonesia. But the days of such European empires were irrevocably ending. A Third World was struggling to be born.

These were among the long-range political consequences of D-day, but all this was largely unknown to the men who bled on Omaha Beach. D-day was first of all a battle between two great forces, and the lessons that it teaches, 40 years later, are fundamentally the lessons that all great battles teach, over and over:

That even the most carefully prepared plans often go wrong. That lucky breaks are very important. That a small number of brave and determined men can make an immense difference. That some men fight with incredible courage under fire, and that some do not. That men usually fight better in a good cause, but that some fight just as well in a bad cause. That morale is essential to victory, and that nothing improves morale so much as superior firepower. That war is cruel and wasteful but sometimes necessary. That a blundering victory is more to be valued than a heroic defeat. That might and right sometimes come to the same end.

All these things happened on June 6, 1944. —*By Otto Friedrich*

On to Paris

British infantrymen advance through a shattered Normandy village. Below, U.S. Jeeps and a cow share a deserted street in battered but liberated St.-Lô. It took scarcely a week after the closing of the Falaise gap for Allied spearheads to reach Paris.

Row on row of graves inspire reverence in visitors to the U.S. cemetery at Colleville-sur-Mer, above Omaha Beach, where 9,386 are buried

D-Day

Daisies from the Killing Ground

For returning vets, Normandy brings a crosscurrent of emotions

On the Atlantic coast of France, just above the pointing finger of Brittany, Normandy juts out like a green thumb into the blue-gray waters of the English Channel. At this time of year, the lush countryside is lit up with apple, pear and cherry blossoms. Along narrow country lanes, lilacs bloom around stone farmhouses and over ancient walls. Cowslips, daisies and bluets ripple through the wet pastures, interrupted regularly by thick hedgerows. Once again the surging Norman spring is laying down a floral carpet over the old killing ground.

For the Normandy veterans who come back for the first time, the experience often brings a bewildering rush of emotional crosscurrents: nostalgia for the pride and purpose they felt as young soldiers mixed with something akin to guilt for having survived when death randomly took so many friends. At Omaha Beach, where the water's edge turned red from American blood, returning veterans remember the deafening roar of battle, the smoke and confusion. All they can hear now is the lap of a low surf, the keening of seagulls and occasionally the shouts of children playing on the beach. The puzzle is how to connect the remembered knot of constant fear, the moments of horror and exhilaration in combat, with the tranquil landscape beyond the beach. It is a vision by Edvard Munch imposed on a romantic painting from *la Belle Epoque*. Some of the veterans, now mainly in their 60s, simply sit down on the beach and stare out to sea. For others, the contrast between recollection and reality, that old trick of time, brings tears to the eyes.

Samuel Fuller, 71, a film director and screenwriter who lives in Los Angeles, was 31 when he hit Omaha Beach as a corporal with the 3rd Battalion, 16th Regiment of the 1st Infantry Division, the Big Red One. A small, intense man with a cigar perpetually in his mouth, Fuller returned this month for the first time and felt a little lost. He could not find the pillbox that his unit bypassed on the way to the cliffs beyond the beach. The tall tree on the heights designated before the landing as an assembly point was missing. In a [illegible] almost wounded [illegible] Fuller noted, "All the wreckage is gone." It was hard for him to believe that all those destroyed landing craft, tanks and trucks had disappeared. "Look at the parking lot and the vacation houses," said Fuller. "The place has turned into a resort!" Still, he was moved by the sight. Hoisting his nine-year-old daughter Samantha onto his shoulders, Fuller moved across the 200 yards of beach to the water line. For a moment he stood there silently, then retraced his steps of 40 years ago with his child, instead of a pack, on his back.

Like many combat veterans, Fuller rejects the idea of any glory attached to war. "We were just doing our job," he likes to say. At Omaha, nonetheless, Fuller won a Silver Star for an act that he refuses to regard as particularly heroic. Ripped by machine-gun and artillery fire as they hit the beach, the Americans lay flat in the shallow water, or painfully dragged themselves up the sand despite being wounded. Fuller was hugging the ground when an officer crawled over and ordered him to find Regimental Commander Colonel [illegible] A. Taylor and tell him that demo-

lition teams at last had cleared a path through to the cliffs. Recalls Fuller: "There were bodies and blood all over. How was I supposed to run? I had a horror of stepping on corpses. But I finally reached him 200 yds. away. Then Taylor did an amazing thing. He stood up and shouted, 'Two kinds of people are staying on this beach, the dead and those who are going to die. Now let's get the hell out of here.' And then he led us off."

In the chaos on the beach, Fuller recalls a burning ammunition truck, the driver dead at the wheel, careering toward his pinned-down unit. Some unknown soldier leaped into the cab and steered the smoldering vehicle into the sea, where it exploded. Soaking wet on the beach, Fuller remembers a cold so bitter he barely could move his fingers. The weeks of hedgerow fighting that followed have turned into a sickening blur: "You're out of control. You shoot at anything. Your eyes hurt. Your fingers hurt. You're driven by panic. We never looked at the faces of the dead, just at their feet—black boots for Germans, brown for G.I.s."

Even though Fuller made a movie called *The Big Red One* about his old division four years ago, he thinks war is impossible to convey on film because "you can't see anything in actual combat. To do it right," he says, "you'd have to blind the audience with smoke, deafen them with noise, then shoot one of them in the shoulder to scare the rest to death. That would give the idea, but then not many people would come to the theater."

Above the beach in the village of Colleville-sur-Mer, Fuller headed for an old café he remembered and asked for Joseph Brobant, the first French civilian he had seen. Brobant had come running down the road toward the advancing troops, carrying a shovel. "It's a wonder we didn't shoot him," says Fuller. "We were told to shoot at anything that moved on that road." Brobant, who had been forced into virtual slave labor by the Germans, excitedly indicated to the American infantrymen that he had just killed three of his captors with his shovel. Now 82, Brobant at first did not recognize the U.S. soldier who had teased him about his funny hat. Fuller drew a sketch of the white cap that Brobant had worn then, and the old Frenchman's eyes lit up in recognition. Shouting and laughing, the two men bear-hugged each other, overjoyed at finding a living connection to that distant day.

Making that kind of connection is more difficult for most veterans. Often they hunt for the side of a hill, a particular hedgerow or some other now inconspicuous landmark that is burned in their memories. Two Canadians found the precise corner of a pasture they remembered near Arromanches. No trace of war remained. But digging into the soft earth, the two men finally uncovered a rusted Canadian helmet. A former U.S. sergeant spent an entire day looking for the house where he had knocked out a German machine gun. When he found it, he cried, "That is why I came, that is why I came." William K. Van Hoy, 62, a retired postman from Milwaukie, Ore., wanted to show his son the place near St.-Malo where he was wounded on Aug. 8, 1944.

British veterans survey the battlefield at Pointe-du-Hoc; a Sherman tank at Ste.-Mère-Eglise

What sticks in Van Hoy's memory even more vividly, though, is an incident during the attack on St.-Lô. "I had just lost two of my best friends," he says. "They were picked off right next to me. Then, in St.-Lô, we had just seized an artillery battery and taken all these prisoners when our own artillery started hitting all around us. I jumped into a bunker hole with two of the Germans. They marked on the side of the wall that they were 17 years old and had bicycled for three weeks from Germany to get there." Says Van Hoy, his face full of wonder, "You know I actually felt sorry for them."

For 37 out of the past 40 years, Theodore Liska, now a hotel manager in Mons, Belgium, has returned to Normandy for the anniversary of D-day. Liska, a native of Chicago, was a sergeant in the 4th Infantry. As a survivor he feels a debt to "the men who won the war, those who gave their lives. The rest of us didn't." Compared with Omaha, the landing at Utah was easy, but a mile or two inland Liska's unit began to take heavy casualties. The Germans had flooded a swath of fields nearly a mile wide. Liska and his men kept their sea-landing life jackets on for the first 24 hours, as they struggled through waist-high water. Says Liska: "We were just like sitting ducks for the Germans, sitting ducks in a pond." Human corpses became so familiar to Liska that by an odd flinch of his mind he vividly recalls instead pastures full of dead cows. "They were all lying there on their backs with their legs in the air," he says, "and I remember thinking that I never had seen a dead cow before."

By the same selective memory, veterans dwell on spontaneous displays of mercy in combat rather than on acts of brutality. Although no one wants to be reminded that both sides occasionally shot prisoners, usually because they lacked the time or means to guard them, one notorious exception is the 12th SS Panzer Division's murder of nearly 40 Canadian and British prisoners in a château garden near Bayeux. Liska's unit ran into a handful of soldiers in German uniforms from the conquered Eastern territories who had probably been pressed into service. Said Liska, "They kept saying they were Russians or Poles. The Americans didn't know who was who so they shot them."

Then there were the sudden gestures of respect for the enemy that occasionally graced the killing. Edwin Schmieger, a former parachutist with the German 3rd Parachute Division, is one of 100 or so German veterans who chose to settle in Normandy after the war, mainly because the Soviet army had overrun their former homes in Poland and Germany. A skilled carpenter who restores old furniture, Schmieger recalls coming under fire from three American tanks. "One of my comrades was wounded in both legs," recount-

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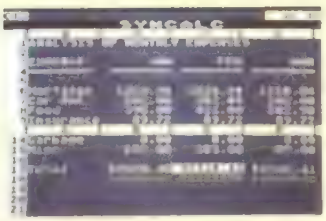

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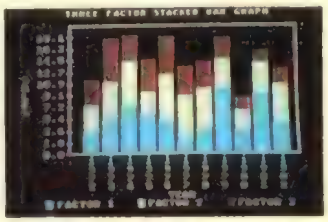

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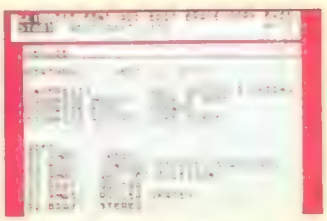

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and SKY WRITER[2] (which makes a game of building words). TYPO ATTACK teaches the typewriter key board by making it part of an exciting game.

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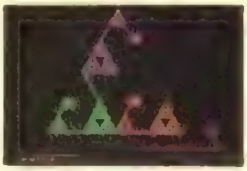

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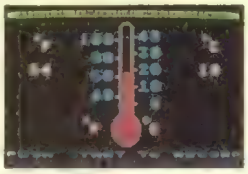

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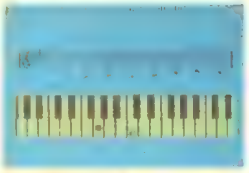

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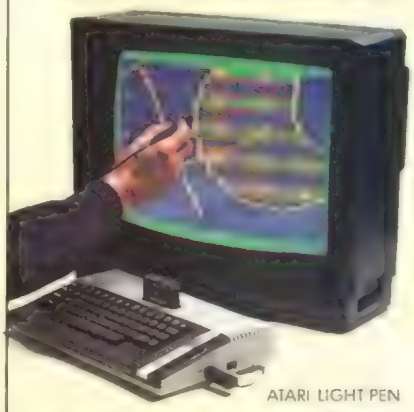

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[1]Trademark of The Learning Company [2] Created and designed by Milliken Publishing Company's EDUFUN Division. Manufactured under license by Atari Inc. [3]This Logo implementation was designed and manufactured for all ATARI HOME COMPUTERS by Logo Computer Systems Inc. ■ Montreal [4]Developed by Dickinson College

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ed Schmieger, "and without thinking I left my cover to put a tourniquet on his wounds. The American tanks were shooting us like rabbits, but during those minutes while I was exposed, they held their fire. Forty years later, I take my hat off to those men for the nobility of that gesture."

Roger Lantagne, a medic with the 101st Airborne, married a Frenchwoman when the war ended and retired nine years ago to Enghien-les-Bains outside Paris after more than three decades of military service in Korea, Viet Nam and Europe. Lantagne, a native of Lewiston, Me., remembers that he was tending German and American wounded in a village church not far from Utah Beach when the village was recaptured by the Germans. "A high-ranking German, accompanied by troops with automatic weapons, suddenly burst into the church. They looked at us, at the bloodstained pews and the German wounded, then turned around and went out without saying anything." Lantagne has befriended some of the German veterans of the campaign. "The Wehrmacht soldiers were ordinary guys," he says, "but the SS troops were something else. They gave no quarter."

One of the crack German units was the Panzer Lehr Division, in which Colonel Helmut Ritgen served. Ritgen, who retired eight years ago from a military career and now lives near Hannover, says that Allied firepower in the Normandy campaign was overwhelmingly greater than anything he had faced on the Eastern Front. "We felt superior to the Russians," he recalls. "At first we were even convinced that we would be able to throw the Allies back from the beaches. But just moving up toward the front in Normandy under air attack discouraged us."

For Ritgen, as for most veterans, the war is never far from mind. On a trip to Scotland last year, he visited Culloden Moor, the site of the last battle fought between the English and the Scots. Says he: "I would like to think that Normandy began the last battle between West Europeans. It was the start of a new Europe in which we have had 40 years of peace."

It is in the same spirit that the Normans recall the bloody beginning of France's liberation. Many French families were forced to house and feed the German occupiers. Resistance was dangerous and reprisals murderous, yet a minority accepted the risks out of a youthful idealism that they look back on with something close to awe. On D-day, the Germans executed 92 Frenchmen who had been held in the Caen prison on charges of helping the Allies through sabotage or intelligence activities. Among the French survivors of that time, though, there is no undercurrent of anti-German feeling today. Liberation—and time—healed their wounds.

Michel de la Vallevielle, mayor of Ste.-Marie-du-Mont, a village above Utah Beach, lost two brothers during the German invasion of France. His family farm was occupied by the Germans, who deployed a battery of 88-mm guns in the orchard. On D-day, U.S. paratroopers mistook De la Vallevielle for a German and shot him five times. A sixth bullet split his billfold. He explains his survival by citing a thought from his grandfather, a World War I veteran, who "always said that it took a man's weight in bullets to kill him." Evacuated to England for treatment of his wounds, De la Vallevielle returned home to become an honorary member of the U.S. 90th Infantry Division for the help he gave to visiting veterans and his work in improving the Utah Beach Landing Museum. Though he honors the reasons why the Allies came and fought, De la Vallevielle says, "For me who had two brothers killed and has six children, I don't want any more killing. Hardly anything remains of that tragedy, but there should be a reminder for everyone."

Another guardian of remembrance is Henri Levaufre, who was 13 years old when the invasion began. After the war, as an engineer for the government power company, Levaufre kept coming across foxholes and trenches and began noting their locations on survey maps. Soon he became the unofficial expert for G.I.s who wanted to seek out the places they had been during the fighting. He arranged for the veterans to stay with French families. Levaufre too was made an honorary member of the 90th Division. Five years ago, he set up an extraordinary reunion between members of the 90th and the men they fought in the German 6th Parachute Regiment. No military music or medals were allowed. As the hesitant German soldiers lined up on one side of the banquet hall, the American G.I.s walked across to greet them. Each German presented an American with a rose. "One of the Americans was blind," recalls Levaufre. "As he walked by, the Germans began to cry."

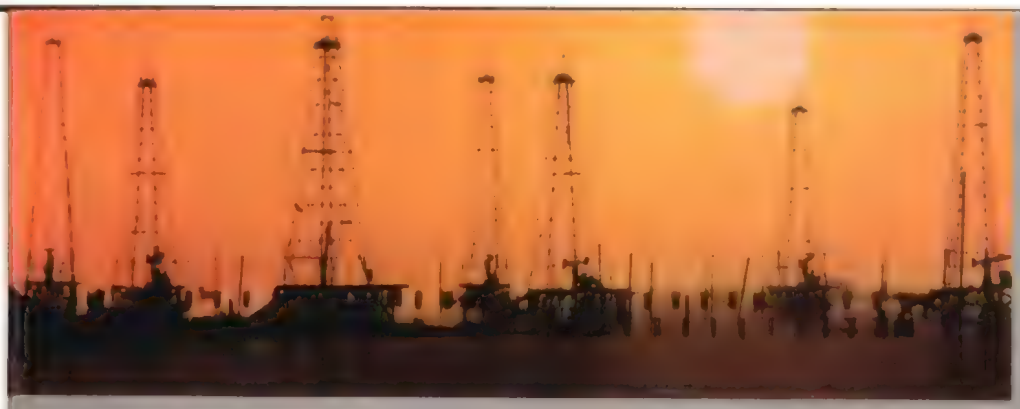
For the past 37 years, a committee for the landings, made up for the most part of local Norman mayors, has organized D-day anniversaries, cared for and improved two local war museums at Utah Beach and Arromanches, and generally, but not invariably, preserved decorum at the landing sites. At Chez Mimile, a café in St.-Laurent-sur-Mer, for example, a visitor can buy small white cloth bags labeled in both French and English, EASY GIFT TO TAKE HOME—SAND FROM THE LANDING BEACHES—25 FRANCS.

Though arrangements for the 40th anniversary have largely been taken over by the French government, the local committee will be back in charge next year, working to create what it hopes will become a living museum stretching 60 miles along the length of the invasion beaches. Last year about 1.5 million visitors, almost half of them Americans, stopped to gaze at the 172-acre U.S. cemetery at Colleville-sur-Mer, where 9,386 soldiers are buried beneath an immaculate lawn. The sheer multitude of white crosses and Stars of David, arranged in neat rows that undulate over the green expanse, forces a hushed reverence, even on buses filled with students born long after the event. Caen Mayor Jean-Marie Girault points out that a high proportion of the people who come to the D-day beaches are young. "It was a struggle against totalitarianism," he says. "And it's still going on. They ask questions about it. They want to know what happened."

The British cemeteries seem cozier, with rows of flowers and bushes along the lines of gravestones. Farther inland at Orglandes, the German cemetery is resolutely austere; its 10,152 graves are marked with blunt crosses of lavender-flecked gray granite. Few tourists come to the German cemetery, but those who do often feel compelled to write a comment in the visitors' book at the entrance. A German wrote, *"Nie wieder"* (never again), and the same message is repeated, page after page, in French and English. —*By Frederick Painton/Normandy*

German pillbox still aims its gun out to sea near Longues

The message in a cemetery visitors' book: "Never again."



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The Yanks came with chocolate and left with British brides

The joke in Britain 40 years ago was that only the thousands of stubby little barrage balloons, tugging at their cables above every spot that might offer a target to low-flying German planes, kept the island from sinking into the sea under the weight of men and machines massing for D-day. London was a kaleidoscope of uniforms: British, Commonwealth, French, Norwegian, Belgian, Czech, Dutch, Polish and, of course, American. So many U.S. officers worked around Grosvenor Square that G.I.s walking through the area kept their arms raised in semipermanent salute. In the southern counties, near the coast from which the armada would sail, military convoys clogged the crooked lanes of the countryside; entire fields disappeared under swarms of tanks and trucks and piles of ammunition and fuel.

Everybody was trying to figure out what to make of the roughly 1.5 million Americans who poured into England between July 1943 and D-day, introducing many Britons to such exotica as jitterbugging, Jeeps and even pitchers' mounds. When a mound was installed in Wembley Stadium for a baseball game between two U.S. service teams in early June 1944, the London *Times* informed puzzled readers that "its use adds to the speed of throw." Despite their far-reaching empire, many Britons, particularly in the smaller towns, had never seen a black man until the G.I.s arrived.

The Americans, bursting into an England gone drab and gray and plagued with shortages of everything after four years of war, were nothing if not jaunty. Residents of Somerset still remember G.I.s tossing chocolate bars and gum out of passing trucks to goggle-eyed children. According to a popular gag, so much American chewing gum had been tossed in the fountains of London's Trafalgar Square that the pigeons there were laying rubber eggs.

"Hi ya, cutie" was the universal greeting called out to females from 15 to 50. "They took all the girls," mutters one British war veteran who on the whole liked the Americans. And indeed the walls outside American barracks were lined every night with panting couples twined in a last embrace before bed check. William D. Kendall, who represented the town of Grantham, complained in Parliament that "it is unfit for a woman to walk unescorted" there because of the "unconcealed immorality" of the G.I.s. Others of course had a different opinion; some 60,000 British women eventually became American war brides.

Grouse though they did about the G.I.s being "overpaid, oversexed and over here," most Britons found the Americans to be warmhearted and valiant Allies. Thousands of English families opened their homes to American servicemen, who responded with equal generosity. Glen Brimblecombe of Ilsington in Devon recalls that as a child "I wanted a bicycle for Christmas. Very selfish, I know now, for Mum could not afford it. Mac, an American sailor from Stover Camp, whom I can still remember, appeared on Christmas morning with a brand-new Elswick bicycle."

All the while, an air of tension was building. Everyone speculated about the date of the invasion, despite the posters that exhorted CARELESS TALK COSTS LIVES and ended in an execrable pun, BE LIKE DAD. KEEP MUM. An American major general blabbed at a cocktail party, "On my honor, the invasion takes place before June 13." An angry Dwight Eisenhower ordered him reduced in rank to lieutenant colonel and sent back to the U.S. As the invasion was about to begin, Leonard Dawe, a physics teacher who composed crossword puzzles for the London *Daily Telegraph*, was grilled by Scotland Yard detectives. They could not believe Dawe was unaware that such words as Utah, Omaha, Neptune and Overlord, all of which had appeared in his puzzles, were code names connected with D-day.

As D-day drew closer, English civilians saw increasingly less of the Americans, or for that matter their own soldiers. As early as December 1943, residents were cleared out of coastal villages that the invaders needed for training and sent elsewhere for a year or so. Butcher George Hannaford recalls that when he returned home to the hamlet of Torcross at the age of 13, "a cowshed and a pigsty were demolished out back of my father's shop, and apple trees were down. It was a tank park there, I think." After April 1, 1944, no unauthorized civilian travelers were allowed within ten miles of some eastern and all southern shores.

PETER JORDAN

A different kind of fleet anchors at Dartmouth, once a D-day port

Plaques abound, but the buddies and excitement are gone.

The armies then stepped up massive landing rehearsals against fortifications similar to those the Germans had erected in Normandy. Exercise Tiger, off Slapton Sands on April 28, ended in tragedy when German torpedo boats slipped into a line of landing ships and sank two. A total of 750 Americans died. Though a U.S. divisional history mentioned the incident as far back as 1948, it has attracted widespread attention only in recent weeks.

On the night of June 5, American paratroopers of the 101st Airborne Division boarded C-47s at Greenham Common and embarked on their fateful flight to Normandy. Today the airbase there is the scene of bitter protests by the British peace movement against the stationing of U.S. nuclear missiles. "Oh, how short our memories are!" exclaimed the writer of a recent letter to a local weekly, taking angry issue with the protesters.

After the anticipation of the pre-invasion weeks, the great battle "seemed almost anticlimactic," recalls Kathleen Frost, who as a clerk typed up some of the D-day orders. Today the beaches, lanes and fields of southern England are quiet again, ever-present plaques the prime mementos of the frenzied activity of 40 years ago. American ex-G.I.s sometimes visit, walk those familiar streets, stay the night. But the atmosphere cannot be re-created: the girls, the buddies, the excitement, all are gone. The old soldiers take solace in memory, and in the wonderful glow of victory. —*By George J. Church.*

Reported by Arthur White/London

Up the creek with a paddle: Hart shoots the Deschutes River in Oregon with Son John next to him

STEVE LISS

A Wild Ride to the End

With Hart taking two more states, the Democrats face a messy scramble

CAMPAIGN 84

The political odds are still heavily in Walter Mondale's favor. So why does he seem anxious and downhearted? And why is Gary Hart, who still figures to be an also-ran at the San Francisco convention eight weeks from now, so full of zip and good cheer?

Mondale's malaise derives from a fact that hit home again last week: Democratic voters refuse to embrace him firmly and finally. He faces the distinct possibility that he may not amass a majority of committed delegates by the end of the primary season on June 5, thus setting off a messy preconvention scramble that could further divide his party. Hart's buoyant mood is understandable too. The Colorado Senator has won four of the last six primaries, including landslides last week in Nebraska and Oregon. The two outdoorsy, overwhelmingly white states were prime Hart territory, and in both he beat Mondale by 59% to 27%, giving him the largest margins racked up in any binding state primary this year. Hart expected to demonstrate his Western power again by winning the Idaho caucuses this week.

Indeed, Hart will probably finish the spring having won most of the primaries and perhaps even a majority of the cumulative popular vote. Yet Mondale still has a wide lead in total delegates (1,564 to 941, as of last Saturday) because of his victories in the big industrial states, his support from the Democratic Establishment and the arcane provisions of delegate-selection rules that his vanguard helped draft two years ago. Even if Hart should sweep the five remaining primaries on June 5, including those in California (306 delegates at stake) and New Jersey (107), his delegate total would still be just about 1,200—well short of the 1,967 needed to nominate. Mondale at the same time would probably have 1,600 delegates who were actually elected as Mondale delegates, and another 200 who have said they support him; he would thus be within 200 votes of nomination. The question would then be whether Mondale, coming out of a sorry primary-season finale, could wheedle and persuade enough uncommitted delegates to make up that shortfall. "I think by the time of the convention, we'll have enough delegates," said Mondale last week, backing away from aides' earlier predictions that he would have the needed majority just after the last primary. Countered Hart: "The Democratic Party will not nominate a candidate who loses both California and New Jersey."

Although only 24 delegates were at stake in Nebraska, Hart spent five days there the week before the primary. The popular young Governor, Bob Kerrey, taped TV commercials endorsing Hart and made campaign appearances with him. Mondale whizzed through the state once, for seven hours. He lost all 93 counties to Hart. In a primary-eve speech, the winner teased his absent opponent. "I've been traveling around here and in Oregon, and I haven't found him. Have any of you seen Mr. Mondale out here?"

Mondale, reckoning Oregon a lost cause, did not stop there at all, and says he budgeted a mere $3,000 for the state, "not enough to elect an alderman." Hart spent $70,000. Oregon voters, urban hipsters and rural people alike, tend toward the kind of self-reliant, pine-scented progressivism that the Coloradan espouses; an endorsement from the influential Portland *Oregonian* also helped. Hart's white-water raft trip down a stretch of Oregon's Deschutes River was a picture-perfect dramatization of his appeal. "I love danger," he said after shooting the rapids. "It was wonderful—too short, but so is life." Three days later he was on horseback, all smiles, galloping across Colorado rangeland and into a photo opportunity.

Hart really does seem more in his element out West; he smiles easily, jokes and

jives with his campaign entourage more comfortably. Besides, his reorganized staff has acquired greater discipline and savvy, functioning smoothly despite a missed May paycheck. Mondale's campaign staff, once a model of well-funded Scandinavian efficiency, is fraying. The payroll has been cut by 30% this month. Last week, for the first time this year, Mondale and his aides passed up their expensive charter jet to fly Republic Airlines east from Los Angeles.

Both candidates will be bicoastal for the next fortnight, campaigning in California and New Jersey, spending heavily on TV ads. Under the California rules, the candidate whose delegate slates run strongest in each of 45 congressional districts could capture all the delegates for that district, making possible a big statewide delegate sweep. The image that Hart is trying to project—rugged and glamorous, unburdened by tradition, receptive to novel ideas—should play well among California voters, many of whom see themselves the same way. But Mickey Kantor, the high-gear manager of Mondale's California effort, asserts that his man will not lose the state, despite his Frostbelt starchiness. Says Kantor: "We're going to win here. The glitz won't bother Fritz."

Jesse Jackson can probably count on getting a few dozen delegates, mostly from black districts in Los Angeles and Oakland. Yet in California, at least on the surface, his claim to be leading a "rainbow coalition" seems legitimate. Half his delegate candidates are not black. In San Jose early in the week, he very nearly won the endorsement of the state's Mexican American Political Association, despite Mondale's solid ties to that group; later he sauntered across the Mexican border to tell Tijuana residents that, in his opinion, illegal aliens in the U.S. pose no special social burden. During the week he trotted out a group called Jews and Arab-Americans for Jackson in Oakland. He also addressed a rally of 500 Japanese Americans in Los Angeles, another of Chinese Americans in San Francisco and a group of homosexuals.

A win by Mondale in New Jersey would go far toward offsetting a California defeat and securing his nomination. (The other states voting that Tuesday are New Mexico, South Dakota and West Virginia.) But if Hart wins the two pivotal June 5 primaries, says a Mondale aide, eyes rolling heavenward, "it will be a war." Mondale would have the unmistakable aura of a loser, despite his huge delegate count. "Don't overlook chemistry," says Hart of the convention cauldron. "Chemistry can overcome mathematics."

The chemical warfare would surely intensify during the six weeks between June 5 and the convention. "That's when the fun starts," says Hart Campaign Manager Oliver Henkel. A large pack of local officials and members of Congress known as superdelegates will be up for grabs. About 200 of these 568 superdelegates are not yet chosen, and an additional 150 are not yet committed to a candidate. The other group of free-floating convention voters, elected delegates not committed to Mondale, Hart or Jackson, might be persuaded to sit on their hands. Then what? "The erosion will be rapid if Mondale falls short on the first ballot," Hart Adviser Mark Hogan says hopefully. Uncommitted Superdelegate Peter Kelly, California Democratic chairman, seems prepared to slide for the good of the party. "Only one thing is going to influence my vote," he says, "and that's what the preponderance of national polls show. If they show Gary Hart running five to ten points better against Reagan than Mondale, then I'll have to give serious thought to voting for Hart."

Right now such polls show Hart no stronger than Mondale. What is more, Establishment delegates like Kelly tend to lean toward Mondale. "Ninety-five percent of the state's party leaders are with Mondale," he notes, "and they are the people who put me in office." In any event, labor leaders, who will control hundreds of delegates, are not likely to desert their main man. Says a top Hart aide: "Let's face it. They'd bring in a mummified Mondale to the convention at this point just to save face."

The equation will become messier if Hart challenges the credentials of what he estimates to be 500 to 600 Mondale delegates elected with the help of contributions from political action committees (PACs). Mondale last week promised to establish a $400,000 escrow account to repay the PACs. It is almost inconceivable that the convention will rule that the delegates should be taken away from Mondale. But Democrats, who want to portray the Reagan Administration as ethically lax, are not eager for a nominee with a small "sleaze factor" of his own. Also disquieting was the revelation last week that Mondale gets $10,000 a month from a Chicago-based law firm that he joined in 1981.

The mistrust among Democrats is not as severe as during 1968 and 1972, when Viet Nam was the viciously divisive issue within the party. But a continued fight this summer could make the animus between Hart and Mondale as corrosive as that between Kennedy and Carter in 1980. Advisers in both camps still say that a reconciliation at the convention is likely, although a Mondale-Hart ticket (which could make sense for both men) remains problematic. Since there are no great ideological divisions between them, whether they achieve solidarity will depend on how well they can temper their personal rivalry. "I'm not bitter," claims Hart. His wife Lee was anodyne as well. "We've been friends with the Mondales in the past," she said last week, "and we'll be friends with them in the future." Mondale too hastens to insist that the reports of antagonism are "greatly overdrawn."

Still, neither man would suggest that they are good chums. Their down-to-the-wire battle, moreover, must be a welcome spectacle to the man both ache to displace: Ronald Reagan. Last week TV stations started airing Reagan's campaign of feel-good commercials, shrewd video collages of sunrises and teen-age athletes and parades, all designed to convince voters they are better off with Reagan in the White House.

The President had a scare Friday afternoon when, during a checkup, doctors found a tiny colonic polyp. It proved benign. Indeed, said a physician who examined him, Reagan is in "very exceptional" shape as the general election campaign approaches. The frenzied, fretful, fractious Democrats might well envy that tiptop appraisal. —*By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Hays Gorey with Hart*

Trying to avoid a chemical reaction: Mondale speaks his mind at a toxic-waste dump in California

KATZ—BLACK STAR

O'Neill; a Congressman hectoring empty seats; Gingrich

Tip Topped!

O'Neill tangles with some Republican Turks over camera angles

Tip O'Neill had heard enough. Incensed by an attack on Democratic legislators by Republican Congressman Newt Gingrich of Georgia during a debate last week, the House Speaker dropped his gavel and strode angrily onto the floor, leaving his Massachusetts colleague Democrat Joseph Moakley to take the chair. O'Neill shook a finger at Gingrich and roared, "You challenged their patriotism, and it is the lowest thing that I have ever seen in my 32 years in Congress!"

As his Democratic colleagues recognized, O'Neill had gone too far. Mississippi Republican Trent Lott immediately demanded that the Speaker's words be "taken down"—a signal that O'Neill should be called to order for violating the House's rule against personal attacks. Parliamentarian William Brown consulted a dictionary to see if the word lowest was a slur. Minutes ticked by in painful silence until a chagrined Moakley, as gently as possible, informed the Speaker that he had indeed violated the chamber's code. "I was expressing my views very mildly," protested a bristling O'Neill, "because I think much worse than what I actually said."

The rarely invoked penalty for this infraction: enforced silence for the rest of the day's debate. The judgment was so unsettling that Republican Leader Robert Michel quickly asked Lott to make a motion that exempted O'Neill from the penalty. Lott agreed, although he later defended his actions in taking O'Neill to task. "In the House you can't impugn a member's integrity," he said. "The Speaker demeaned his position by coming down on the floor and getting involved in hand-to-hand combat." No one could recall a House Speaker ever having been thus reprimanded. (The only known precedent was in 1798, when the House was debating the expulsion of Vermont's Matthew Lyon, who had spit in the face of a fellow member. After an explosive exchange, Speaker Jonathan Dayton challenged another member to a duel. Dayton, who was indicted for treason nine years later, along with Aaron Burr, was called to order for improper utterances.)

That tempestuous scene was the culmination of a televised minidrama that began last January. An abrasive cadre of Republican "young Turks," frustrated by the accommodating style of O'Neill's golfing buddy Michel, began taking over the House floor every day after legislative hours to berate the Democrats. The chamber was invariably empty during these "special orders" sessions, but like all other action on the floor, they were broadcast live by the cable network C-SPAN. What set O'Neill aflame was a bit of showboating by Gingrich; during a fiery denunciation of several Democrats' views on Central America, he paused suggestively in midspeech, as if to dare his foes to respond. In fact, he was taunting empty benches, but that was not noted by C-SPAN's cameras, which were allowed to focus only on the orator.

O'Neill reacted by ordering the cameras to pan the empty chamber in order to expose the young Turks' tactics. In his pique, however, the Speaker failed to notify the Republicans of the change. For that he later apologized to Michel, but the firestorm had been ignited. Republicans labeled O'Neill's action "camscam," and took to the floor in high dudgeon. What upset the Democrats, as well as Michel, is that the Speaker, who is supposed to represent the House as a whole, had joined in a partisan shouting match. Lost in the scuffle was the laudable fact that O'Neill had improved the video link between Congress and its constituents by introducing a bit of honesty into the broadcasts. *—By Alessandra Stanley. Reported by Neil MacNeil/Washington*

On a String

MX survives again, barely

Assuming they are finally deployed as scheduled in 1986, the first MX missiles are to be stored deep in underground silos, a basing mode that was chosen only after more than 30 other methods were considered. Politically, however, the MX (for missile experimental) program has long had a more precarious base: on the edge of a cliff. Beset by controversy through four Administrations, the weapon was saved from extinction by a bipartisan presidential commission a year ago and funded by a reluctant Congress, only after strong lobbying by Ronald Reagan. Last week a compromise proposal allowed the missile to escape, just barely, its most serious attack yet in the House.

The plan, which was put together by Democrat Les Aspin of Wisconsin, aims a carrot and stick at Moscow: money for the missiles will be held in escrow until next April. If the Soviets agree to resume talks on strategic arms limitations, the MX program will remain on hold. If not, the money will be appropriated. The $2.7 billion that the House Armed Services Committee had requested for 30 missiles was cut to $1.8 billion for 15.

Reagan lobbied strongly for full funding of the MX, arguing that cancellation of the program would reward the Soviets for refusing to resume START talks, which have been inactive since last December. Referring to the MX by the nickname he prefers, the President said, "Without Peacekeeper, the incentive for the Soviets to return to the negotiating table is greatly reduced." But by the weekend before the vote, Speaker Tip O'Neill, an MX opponent, boasted that he had a solid majority to scuttle the missile. Republican Leader Robert Michel then made a publicized pilgrimage to the White House to deliver the hard facts.

Actually, the White House legislative strategy group had already concluded that a compromise would be necessary and had worked behind the scenes with Aspin. After the narrow (218 to 212) defeat of an amendment that would have killed MX funding entirely, the White House endorsed the Aspin compromise just minutes before the final roll call.

Reagan was less successful with another item in his $291 billion 1985 military budget. The House defeated, for the third year in a row, Reagan's attempt to appropriate funds for a new generation of chemical weapons. The Senate Armed Services Committee, however, is expected this week to recommend the funding of 21 missiles and to give the President at least some money for chemical weapons; the full Senate, in which Republicans have a majority, will probably go along. All of which means further compromises and cliffhangers are likely when House and Senate conferees sit down to work out their differences this summer. ■

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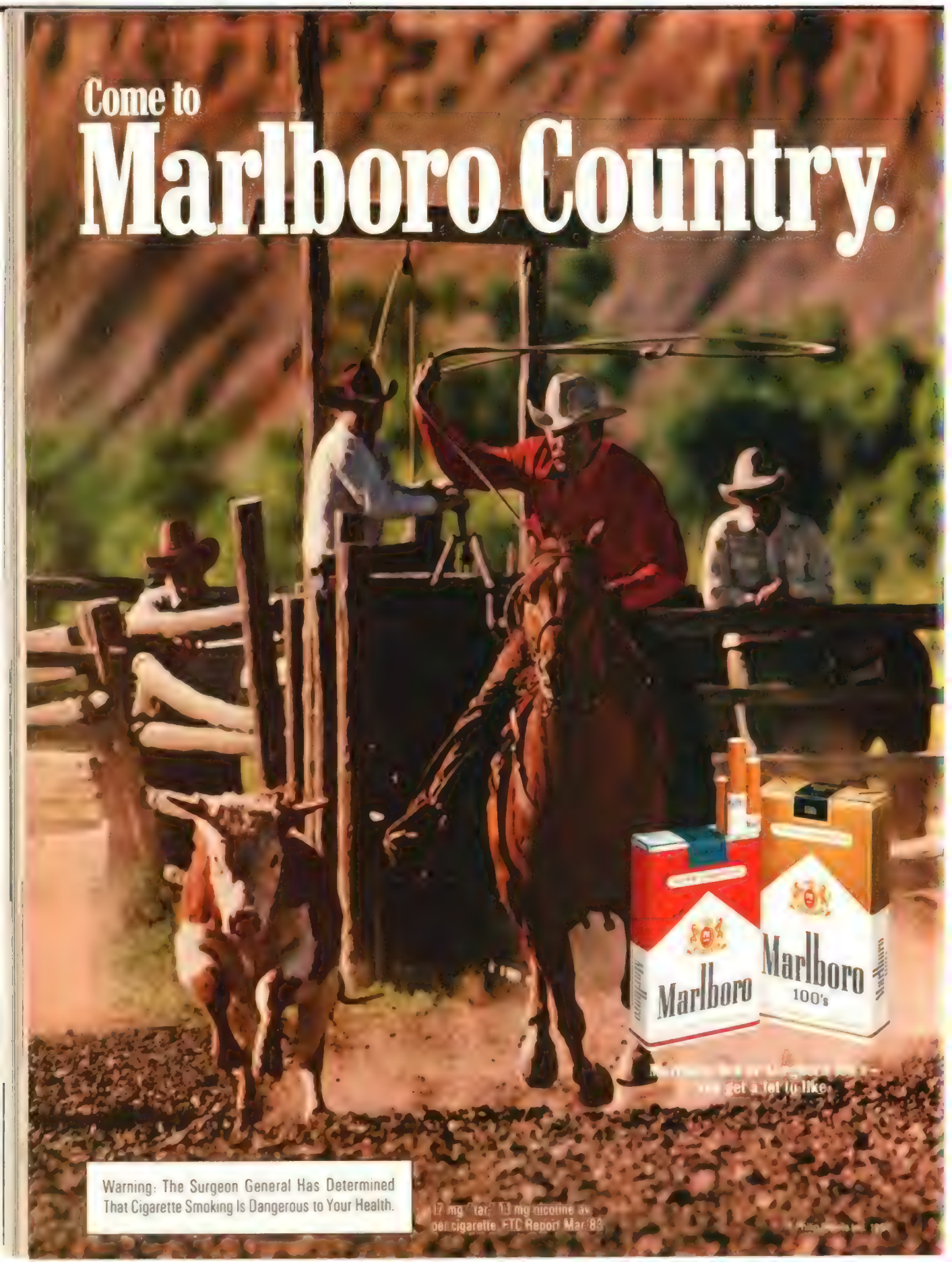
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Nyet Again

More boycotters join Moscow

The meeting of the eight-member executive board of the International Olympic Committee (I.O.C.) at Lausanne's ornate Palace Hotel last week was billed as a last-ditch attempt to persuade the Soviet Union to reconsider its boycott of this summer's Olympic Games in Los Angeles. But the effort was over before it began. Conferring privately the evening before the meeting, Los Angeles Olympic Organizer Peter Ueberroth and Soviet Sports Chief Marat Gramov found themselves in accord on one point and not much else. Said Ueberroth: "It would be misleading to suggest that we came even an inch closer to a solution." Agreed Gramov: "The decision is irrevocable."

Even before the meeting, Hungary and Poland joined the list of Soviet satellites stepping into line behind the boycott. That brought the total to ten, including the U.S.S.R. (the others: Bulgaria, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Mongolia, Afghanistan, Viet Nam and Laos). Warsaw's decision was especially reluctant—and poignant—because much of the money used to train its teams had been donated by Polish organizations situated abroad, especially in the U.S. Keenly aware of the country's straitened circumstances in the wake of the 1982 military clampdown, the groups wanted to assure a dignified and well-prepared Olympic showing for Polish athletes. Polish Olympic Committee Chairman Marian Renke, said a friend, was so disappointed that he looked "as if a tractor had run over him."

That left Rumania as Moscow's only Warsaw Pact ally still wavering. President Nicolae Ceauşescu was abroad when the boycott was announced and has yet to voice an opinion on the subject. It was still possible that some other nations economically or politically dominated by the Soviet Union could decide to join the pullout; Cuba is one such possibility. Even so, it seemed a fair bet that more nations will be sending Olympic teams to Los Angeles than the 81 that participated in Moscow's 1980 Games, which were boycotted by the U.S. and more than 30 other countries. Said U.S. Olympic Committee Chairman William Simon: "We still expect to get more than 100 countries competing in Los Angeles."

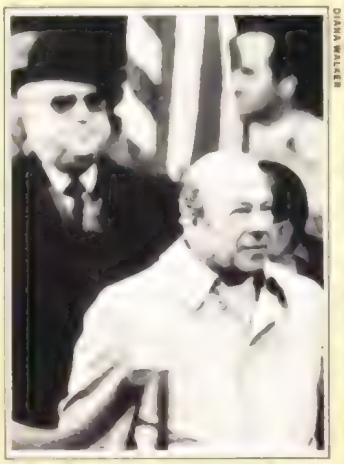
Curiously, Gramov disclosed that some 200 Soviets would still be traveling to the Los Angeles Games, including "judges, officials, journalists and tourists." That announcement provided one more indication that the Soviet decision to boycott the Olympics was based on political calculations rather than the security concerns Moscow claimed. Hearing of the Soviet attendees, Ueberroth asked sarcastically, "They would be safe, and the Soviet athletes in the protected Olympic Village would not?" ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Inscrutable Adversary

The debate in the White House always seems to come around to the same question: Can the Soviets' belligerence be explained by the fact that they feel threatened by the U.S.? Sometimes President Reagan just sits and absorbs the negative litany from diplomats and travelers who still maintain thin strands of unofficial contacts. Sometimes he shows mild irritation and gives his head a shake of disbelief while answering his own question: "I keep reading that the Soviets think we are threatening their security." Reagan has rejected that notion, and so has his Secretary of State, George Shultz.

The effort to figure out the minds of the men in Moscow preoccupies the White House. Reagan has been told there is growing evidence that power still is fragmented in the Politburo and the only proposals on which its members can agree are negative actions in the style of the cold war, an era understood and perhaps even relished by oldtimers like Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov. Any challenge to Soviet interests now, whether deploying new NATO missiles or calling the Soviet Union an "evil empire," produces intense response from the uncertain rulers, ranging from the Olympic pullout to last week's announcement that more Soviet missiles would be placed in East Germany. "Something we do not understand fully is going on in the Kremlin," says a White House adviser. "For the first time they may really be without a leader."



DIANA WALKER

Dobrynin looking over Shultz's shoulder

Soviet authorities at virtually every level will not lunch with American friends if any U.S. Government official is present. Talks on upgrading the Washington-Moscow hotline, which for more than 20 years has been one thing both superpowers agreed on, have chilled to a discussion of the hardware.

The U.S. got word a short while back that Yelena Bonner, ailing wife of the dissident Andrei Sakharov, might seek refuge in the U.S. embassy. American officials alerted the Soviets and offered suggestions aimed at minimizing the problem. The Soviets, enraged, accused the U.S. of plotting with the Sakharovs. Shultz's efforts to open some kind of dialogue with Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin, who has been considered the Soviet who best understood American ways, have been fruitless.

Americans in the Dartmouth Group, a collection of experts on U.S.-Soviet relations, were warned before their March meeting that the Soviets would back out if the impression got around that the meeting was in any way official.

Two letters that Reagan sent—one urging resumption of the arms talks and the other giving his personal pledge assuring athletes' protection at the Los Angeles Olympics—were rudely rejected. Efforts at lower levels to revive cultural accords have also been rebuffed. "We may have to face up to the fact that for now the Soviets may not be capable of any other kind of action," sighs one Reagan aide. Not, at least, in the face of Reagan's undiminished distaste for the Soviet Union, which, ingenuously or not, is the Soviets' stated reason for their funk.

Reagan has grown quieter in public about the Soviet problem, but privately he is unchanged. He wants to improve relations, but on his terms. He is more or less resigned to little or no progress this election year. "But he has not got mad and said, 'To hell with it,' " claims one adviser.

Nor has he yet designed any political strategy on the issue for the coming campaign. That may take care of itself. The Democrats claim that Reagan, almost alone, is responsible for the current problem. Most Americans apparently disagree. A recent poll taken for the Committee on the Present Danger showed that two-thirds of the populace are disillusioned over the Soviets' actions and harbor a deep suspicion that they are once again on the prowl in the world.

The Soviets now find themselves, by accident or design, on the American political stage, illuminated by all the campaign spotlights and overheated exhortations, up for scrutiny and cold-eyed assessment as they have not been since their invasion of Afghanistan. All of which may be to Reagan's advantage. The Soviets have a terrible record in American politics.

TANNENBAUM—SYGMA

New Yorkers throng to place bets for a jackpot that eventually reached a record $22.1 million

Gambling on a Way to Trim Taxes

With $6.7 billion in sales, state lotteries help pay the bills

The lines snaked for blocks around neighborhood drugstores and newsstands earlier this month as hopeful New Yorkers waited to place their bets. Among them: Governor Mario Cuomo, who stood in the rain for 20 minutes in Manhattan to buy $5 worth of chances. "There's something going on in this state," he said. "It's called greed." No wonder. Fed by three successive drawings that failed to produce a big winner, New York's lottery jackpot had ballooned to a record $22.1 million, the highest ever in North America. (The world's largest: Spain's El Gordo, "the Fat One," which in 1983 amassed a $73 million pot.) In the final days before the drawing, tickets for the outsize prize were selling at the frenzied rate of a million an hour.

The four winners—a housewife, a machinist, a manicurist and a hospital maid—are understandably elated: each will receive $263,095 a year, minus the 20% federal tax bite, for the next 21 years. Shortly after hearing that she had won, Weonta Fitzgerald, 64, quit her job as a cleaning woman at Benedictine Hospital in Kingston, N.Y. "I was broke, now I'm rich!" she exulted. But the biggest winner by far did not have to wait in line: New York State, which stands to reap an estimated $11 million in education funds from that one giant jackpot alone. In fact, ticket sales are so brisk that this year the state figures to rake in $520 million in profit from $1.14 billion in lottery bets.

Squeezed by balanced-budget requirements and wobbly tax bases, a growing number of states are turning to lotteries. Since 1963, when New Hampshire started the trend, 16 other states and the District of Columbia have legalized such games; at least nine others are considering them.* The Public Gaming Research Institute, Inc. (P.G.R.I.), projects that lottery ticket sales in 1984 will total $6.7 billion (an average of more than $28 for every person in the country), up more than 26% from the 1983 sales record of $5.3 billion. About $2.1 billion of last year's take remained in state treasuries, $2.6 billion was distributed in prizes, and more than $600 million was spent on administrative costs.

The games seem to have something for everyone: jackpots for the winners, commissions for the ticket sellers, and a politically safe way for legislators to raise revenue without raising taxes. In most states, lottery proceeds are channeled directly into the general fund. Typically, the largest share goes for education. Ohio's Democratic Governor, Richard Celeste, for example, last week endorsed a bill that would earmark lottery profits for schools. In Colorado, the most recent state to start a lottery, 40% of the take is allotted to a conservation trust fund. In Massachusetts, a share of the profits from the state's high stakes Megabucks game is designated for the arts. Explains P.G.R.I. President Duane Burke: "If the choice is added taxation or a voluntary method of raising additional revenue, people will choose the voluntary method."

THE PAYOFF

in millions of dollars

	1983 Sales	% change over '82	States' share
Ariz.	$60	-28%	$27
Colo.	203	N.A.*	72
Conn.	188	+11	81
Del.	30	+18	11
D.C.	54	N.A.*	12
Ill.	667	+67	286
Me.	13	+35	3.7
Md.	463	+1	198
Mass.	312	+12	93
Mich.	557	+4	221
N.H.	14	+12	3.6
N.J.	693	+34	295
N.Y.	889	+38	390
Ohio	399	+9	145
Pa.	885	+57	355
R.I.	44	+14	15
Vt.	4.5	+88	1
Wash.	214	N.A.*	85

*Lottery started mid-'82 or '83

TIME Chart

Lotto is the game that captures the most attention—and headlines—in those states that have it. Typically, the player picks six numbers from 1 to 44 and waits to see if they pop up in the Ping Pong–ball contraptions used to select winning combinations. If no one wins, the jackpot accumulates. Another game is the instant lottery, with scratch cards that let players know immediately if they have won.

Whatever the method, players see the games as a dice roll on a dream. Says Louis DeSantis, who has sold New York lottery tickets at his Lower Manhattan newsstand since 1967: "People know they're not going to get rich on what they're making, so they invest a dollar and wish." But despite well-publicized accounts of overnight wealth *(see box)*, a person is about 3½ times as likely to be killed by lightning as to win New York State's Lotto jackpot. "Sure, somebody wins," says Myron Fowell, a retired Congregational minister who fought against the Massachusetts lottery a decade ago. "But 900,000 people lose, most of whom could not afford to play to begin with."

In fact, a chief criticism of lotteries is that they prey on the hopes, and wallets, of the poor. "I always felt that it was an insidious way to re-collect our welfare dollars," says Republican State Representative Tony Van Vliet of Oregon. Lottery enthusiasts, however, contend that different games attract different players. New York's high-stakes Lotto seems to be the pick of the upper and middle classes, while three- and four-digit numbers games appeal to a more downscale market. In Arizona, a state-funded study found that lottery regulars are predominantly white males with a median age of 36 and a household income of $20,000. Says Charlie Buri, who voted against Arizona's lottery but now serves as its director: "People aren't taking the bread and milk off the table to play the lottery."

Lotteries are as enticing to strapped state legislatures as they are to hopeful ticket buyers. But for both, they offer at best an unreliable source of income. The games generate a rush of enthusiasm, with revenues to match, when they are first legalized. But interest and profits soon sag unless new versions are introduced. In 1981 Arizona's opening game pulled in a robust $5.4 million a week; by its second year, the take had plummeted to $900,000. (It now averages $1.2 million a week.) "In lottery operations, you have to keep innovating to be successful," says Douglas Gordon, executive director of the

*Alabama, Alaska, Arkansas, California, Florida, Louisiana, Missouri, Oregon, West Virginia

Washington, D.C., lottery, which started in 1982 with an "instant" rub-off card, later added a three-digit numbers game, and last month introduced a Lotto contest.

The newest wrinkle in state-sponsored betting is the video lottery. Developed by Bally Manufacturing Corp., the producer of Pac-Man, the games feature terminals that produce winners by predetermined programming and include splashy graphics calculated to appeal to younger lottery players. This summer the devices will appear in Illinois bars and lounges. But in Nebraska, the state legislature last month passed a bill outlawing video lotteries.

Lotteries were used in post-Revolutionary America to help underwrite such eminent universities as Harvard, Yale, and William and Mary. But the privately run Louisiana Lottery, which flourished after the Civil War and depended on nationwide sales, was notoriously corrupt. To stop misuse, Congress in 1895 banned interstate commerce by lottery operators. Today lotteries still draw fire on moral grounds. Declares Jack Wyman, a lobbyist for the Christian Civic League of Maine: "Government financing by gambling encourages citizens to indulge their weaknesses."

GREENWOOD—GAMMA/LIAISON

Lottery Lobbyist Kashuk signs up a supporter

Despite detractors' fears, most state-run lotteries have been scandal free. During the first six months of its lottery, Colorado arrested seven people who had tried to forge winning tickets, but it now boasts that last year's games were squeaky clean. "People get a thrill out of betting, and lotteries seem to serve that need," says Lieut. Alfred Cassinelli of the Washington, D.C., morals squad. "All you have to do is keep it honest."

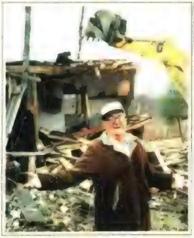
The lottery craze seems certain to continue—at least until paying taxes is as much fun as playing the numbers. To fatten their jackpots and compete with neighboring Massachusetts, the states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont are even considering combining their lotteries into a more tantalizing tristate pool. Last week lottery supporters in California gave state authorities the required petitions to put a lottery proposal to a November vote. In Florida, Lobbyist Jay Kashuk is leading a petition drive to repeal a state ban on lotteries.

Some have even suggested, along with Economist Alfred Tella, that a national lottery be established, patterned on that of Canada, to battle the federal deficit. "It's inevitable," says Samuel Valenza Jr., publisher of *Lottery Players Magazine*. "Lotteries will sweep the country." Others may be less exuberant, but there is no doubt that for the moment, the stakes are indeed sweeping. ***—By Susan Tifft. Reported by Elizabeth Taylor/New York, with other bureaus***

When Lightning Strikes

Two weeks after Betty Gloss won $6 million in the Illinois lottery last October, a police officer carrying a birth certificate visited the home of the winner and her husband Arthur. "I'm your son," the officer said to Mr. Gloss. "I'm Arthur Gloss Jr." As a bonus to the Glosses' monetary bonanza, the publicity from winning the lottery reunited Arthur Gloss with his three sons from a previous marriage, whom he had not seen since his divorce in 1949. The happy reunion is one of many unexpected tales, some joyful and others dispiriting, from among the 951 people who have become millionaires in state lotteries.

Like Betty Gloss, Ken Natzke won $6 million ($300,000 a year for 20 years) in the Illinois lottery last October. A onetime carpet cleaner, Natzke is now co-owner of a handyman service and part owner of a production company that books entertainment acts like Elvis Presley Impersonator Rick Saucedo. He receives daily phone calls from brokers and investors as well as from desperate, unknown individuals begging for money. His life-style now includes a 1984 Cadillac Eldorado and a new ten-room house. He fends off a persistent woman who wants him to marry her daughter. He also continues to play the lottery, believing that lightning can strike twice. Insists Natzke: "I am going to win again."


DEAN ABRAMSON

Winner Costello getting rid of his home

Until last year, Harold Costello lived in a two-room shack he had built on 15 acres of wooded land he owns in East Lebanon, Me. A former carpenter making do on $400 a month in disability benefits, he went without electricity and plumbing for four years. But last month Costello's lucky numbers were drawn in the Massachusetts Megabucks lottery. His prize: more than $2 million in annual installments of $113,000 for 20 years. Costello's first purchases were two "double-wide" mobile homes (cost: $30,000 each furnished), one to replace the Maine shack and the other to be used as a vacation trailer in Leesburg, Fla. For his "lady friend," he bought a new Buick.

Robert Cunningham, a Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., police detective, had been a regular at Sal's Pizzeria in nearby Yonkers for eight years when, one night in March, he decided to offer Waitress Phyllis Penzo an unusual tip. "Hey, Phyl, I've got a lottery ticket in my pocket," he said. "Why don't we split the card?" Penzo took her chances, helped choose the numbers and ended up with a very nice tip indeed: $3 million. The newly made millionaires have modest plans for their winnings. While they both have dreams they want to fulfill (a trip to Hawaii for Penzo and a boat for Cunningham), a more typical desire is Cunningham's to add on to the house he already lives in.

Not every winner's story is a happy one. Ken Proxmire was a tool grinder when, in 1977, he won $1 million on a 50¢ Michigan lottery ticket. After the winnings started coming in ($50,000 a year for 20 years), Proxmire moved to Fresno, Calif., where he eventually opened three sporting-goods stores specializing in pool tables. He did a brisk business until 1980, when interest rates took a sharp rise and luxury items like pool tables became less popular. His business failed and, $100,000 in debt, he filed for bankruptcy. During this financial crisis his wife left him. "I just went too fast at a real bad time," he laments. Out of his yearly winnings, $20,500 goes to bankruptcy settlements and $10,500 to tax payments. Says he: "When you're used to living on 50 grand a year, $19,000 just doesn't cut it." Proxmire's wife, however, has returned to him. When asked if he wishes he had never drawn the lucky ticket, the unemployed "millionaire" replies: "Hell, no."

Papers Chase

A call for a special prosecutor

The Justice Department reported in February that it had uncovered no evidence of criminal wrongdoing during its investigation of how Ronald Reagan's 1980 campaign obtained briefing papers from the Carter White House. Accordingly, Attorney General William French Smith decided against appointing a special prosecutor. Press interest began to wane, and the Administration breathed a collective sigh of relief that the potentially combustible case seemed closed. But last week it was revived when U.S. District Judge Harold Greene ordered the appointment of a special prosecutor. In a toughly worded 31-page ruling that drew some parallels to Watergate, Greene called Smith's handling of the probe "arbitrary and unlawful."

The Justice Department promptly took the case to the District of Columbia court of appeals, which agreed to stay Greene's order while it reviewed the legal merits of his decision. The court's appeals process could last until late September.

Greene's ruling was the result of a lawsuit filed last summer by John Banzhaf III, a George Washington University law professor, and Peter Meyers, a criminal-law specialist. They argued that under the Ethics in Government Act, passed in 1978 as a post-Watergate reform, Smith was obligated to ask for a special prosecutor (now technically called an "independent counsel") in the Carter case. "What we had here was an investigation that was rife with partisanship," says Banzhaf.

In its brief to the appeals court last week, the Justice Department defended its probe. Despite the admissions and contradictions of top officials who were questioned, including CIA Director William Casey and White House Chief of Staff James Baker, the department argued that there is inadequate "specific" information to warrant a further investigation. Argues the appeals brief: "None of this amounts to a crime, or even indicates the time, place or manner of a potential crime."

Basic questions about the Carter papers remain unanswered: Was there an orchestrated effort by Reagan agents to penetrate the Carter campaign? Were documents illegally taken? A House subcommittee headed by Democratic Congressman Donald Albosta of Michigan is expected to report its conclusions this week. A new probe would be embarrassing to Reagan during a campaign year, when Democrats are accusing his Administration of "sleazy" conduct. In addition, an inquiry would further jeopardize the nomination of Edwin Meese as Attorney General, which is on hold while another special prosecutor, Jacob Stein, looks into allegations about Meese's finances and his involvement with the Carter papers.

Perhaps as important, however, are the procedural precedents that might be set if Greene's ruling stands. Among those cited by the appeal: "Whether vague and conclusory charges of criminal misconduct by high-ranking officials are enough to justify a court order requiring appointment of independent counsel." Indeed, the hair-trigger mechanism of the Ethics Act seems to require special prosecutors even in dubious cases. But the act is clearly intended, as Greene noted, to remove sole jurisdiction over politically sensitive probes from the Attorney General, who is a political appointee. Although the outcome of this case may not answer all the questions about the Carter papers, it could help define the role that special prosecutors should play in the investigation of high-level political scandals. ■

TERRY ASHE

Greene: tough talk about Watergate parallels

The probe was "arbitrary and unlawful."

Moles and Bugs

Spying in the Donovan case

When Frank Silbey, chief investigator for the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, was probing Labor Secretary Raymond Donovan's alleged links with mobsters two years ago, he knew that he was also being investigated: in an unorthodox move that infuriated Capitol Hill, the New Jersey–based Schiavone Construction Co., which is partly owned by Donovan, hired private detectives to find out who, according to Schiavone Lawyer Theodore Geiser, was "deliberately leaking information to the media."

What Silbey probably did not realize was that many of his conversations were being secretly recorded by Ralph Sharer, a freelance sleuth paid by Schiavone. Sharer, a former Government auditor, says he spied on Silbey and other staffers for more than two months in 1982. "I taped [Silbey] every time I talked to him," he claims. During that period, Sharer was working with the committee on two investigations unrelated to the Donovan case, a role that permitted him to act as a mole.

Sharer claims his undercover work was ordered by Ronald Schiavone, the chairman of the construction firm, who met with the detective in a Washington hotel bar and asked him to find out everything about the Senators and staffers investigating Donovan. "He wanted it all," says Sharer. "Marriages, divorces, girlfriends, sex—whatever we could dig up. Schiavone was angry. He felt he was being unfairly maligned and slandered." Sharer claims Schiavone once produced a large bundle of $100 bills as a down payment on the job. In all, Sharer says, he spent 260 "billable hours" working for Schiavone at $250 an hour, services worth a total of $65,000.

Sharer used a mike concealed in a briefcase or under his clothing to record conversations in the Senate office, including Silbey's words when he was on the phone with reporters. Sharer claims there were other moles in the committee's midst: three Republican staffers routinely passed confidential FBI reports and committee memos to Schiavone detectives. Sharer recalls one of them saying, "Ralph, we're all working for the same people."

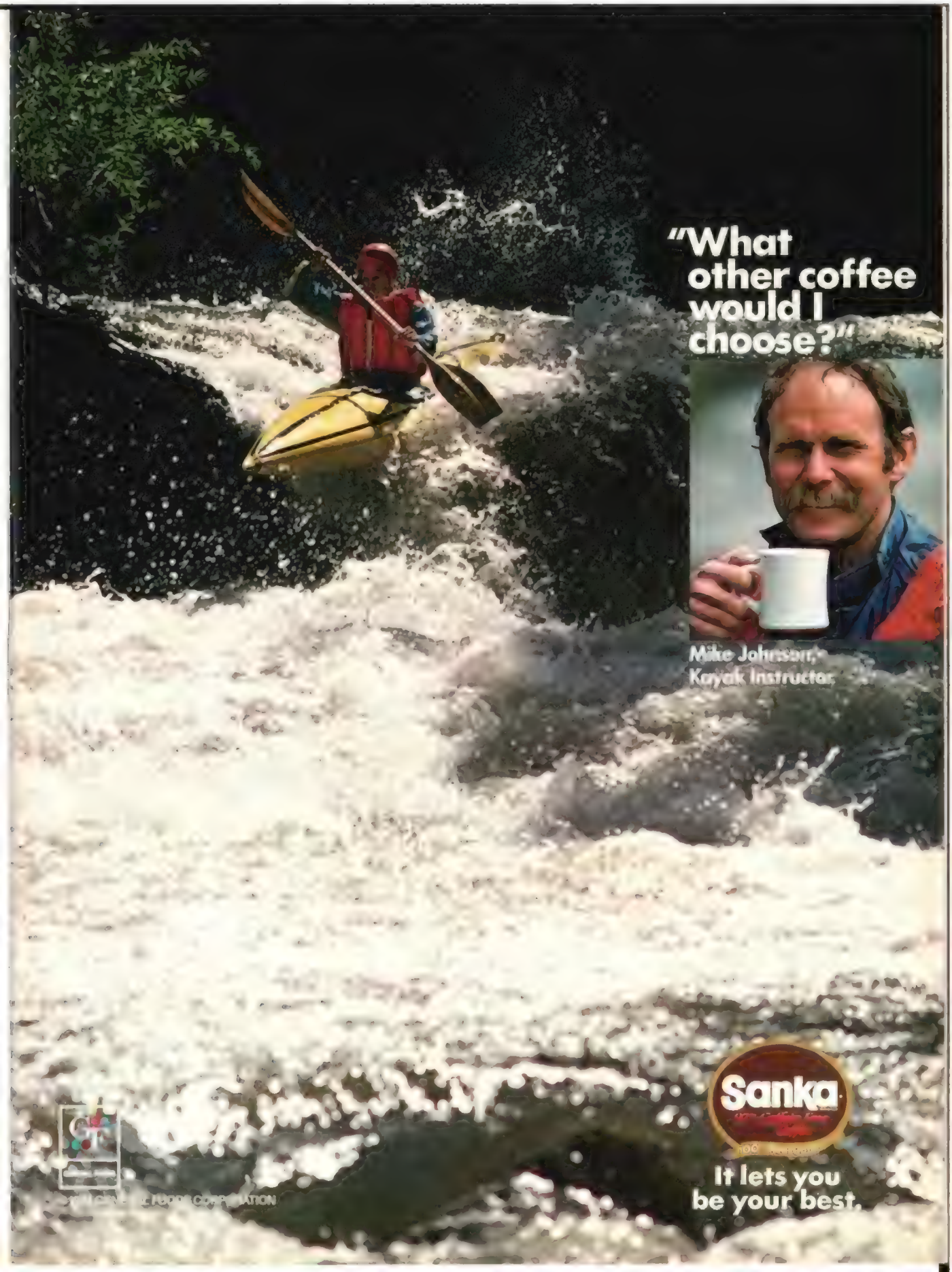
TIME has learned that Special Prosecutor Leon Silverman, who headed the Donovan inquiry in 1982, was on the Schiavone spies' list of targets. Silverman said last week that he was "appalled" to hear Schiavone's agents had designated him for investigation and that he considered such actions to be "perilously close to obstructing justice." Sharer says Schiavone boasted of getting material from Silverman's staff. Schiavone Lawyer Geiser denies that the company received leaks from that office.

CYNTHIA JOHNSON

MEDFORD TAYLOR

Donovan **Sharer**

The FBI and the Brooklyn Organized Crime Strike Force are now investigating charges that Sharer or other Schiavone investigators used illegal wiretaps against the Senate committee. The inquiries came after Frank Smist, a University of Oklahoma graduate student, gave federal officials information about the case he had gathered during a two-year study of congressional investigations. Smist and a Washington journalist said Sharer admitted using an "infinity transmitter," which makes it possible to listen in on bugged conversations illegally from a distant phone. Sharer denies that he engaged in wiretapping but charges that another Schiavone spy did so. He says he will turn over his tapes to the FBI. Schiavone's chief investigator, Robert Shortley, denies that any wiretaps were used. "I did nothing illegal," he avows. ■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A lithograph done 13 years after the battle: questions about Custer's aim

An archaeologist shows off a trooper's boot

New Light on the Last Stand

Custer's battlefield yields clues to old mysteries

On the afternoon of June 25, 1876, with guns blazing and sandy hair shining, Lieut. Colonel George Armstrong Custer, along with some 220 of the troopers under his command, was massacred near Montana's Little Bighorn River. The secrets of his last stand against more than 2,500 Sioux and Cheyenne warriors were buried with him. There were no white survivors to tell the tale, but plenty of folks back East were ready to propel Custer directly into legend as a straight-shooting hero. The years have only served to embellish the myths and mysteries.

Now 30 archaeologists, historians and war buffs are braving rattlesnakes and ticks to help set the record straight about perhaps the least documented shootout in U.S. history. They are brandishing metal detectors and trowels in a foot-by-foot survey of the historic ground. One reason there has never been a thorough investigation of the battlefield is that until last August it was covered by two-foot-tall stands of buffalo grass. A careless smoker changed that, starting a fire that denuded the site. Since digging began two weeks ago, 550 artifacts, from an Army boot to several limb bones, have been unearthed.

The headstones that dot the battleground are supposed to mark the site where each soldier fell, but some may be inaccurate, positioned later for dramatic effect. With so few clues, there are all sorts of unanswered questions: Did Custer die on the gentle hill where his body was found, or by the river as Indian tales say? Did the last troopers, as Indian veterans claimed, commit suicide to avoid being tortured? "The myths around Custer and the battle have become much bigger than the facts," says Vine Deloria, a Sioux author. "This could help set the record straight."

The discoveries so far have revealed fresh details. Hundreds of shells from the troopers' Springfield carbines and the Indians' Henry .44-cal. rifles have been numbered, bagged and plotted on maps. The shells have established previously unknown skirmish lines and indicated that by battle's end Indians were using Army ammunition taken from dead soldiers.

Investigators plan next to focus on the fate of the 37 men of E Company who died in battle. Many experts believe Custer sent them to protect his left flank. Others claim they were rushing from the slaughter through a gulch called Deep Ravine. Mounds exposed by the fire will be excavated. Any skeletons found will be examined for powder burns, which might indicate suicide.

Montanans are used to Custer controversy. The Crow Indians, who hold most of the 9,000 privately owned acres slicing through the battlefield, leased land for the 1969 filming of *Little Big Man*, which portrayed Custer as a grandiose madman. Monument boosters who prefer a more sober-eyed version of the hero are trying to raise $8 million to buy the land.

The results of the current cataloguing, scheduled to continue into next month, will eventually be published. Will they offer definitive answers? Unlikely. "We will create some new questions," thinks Montana Archaeologist Richard Fox. "We'll be putting more fuel on the fire." Custer, who could handle newsmen as well as horses, might have enjoyed the smoke signals. *—By J.D. Reed. Reported by Richard Woodbury/Little Bighorn*

A team member sweeps for metal artifacts

Custer's marker (black-faced): Historic accuracy or dramatic effect?

The Saudi-owned supertanker *Al Ahood*, struck by Iraqi missiles two weeks ago, is still ablaze and in danger of breaking up AMENA

THE GULF

Threatening the Lifeline

Missiles hit tanker after tanker as the Iran-Iraq war takes a new turn

"Very dangerous, very worrying," declared an official in Bahrain. If anything, that was an understatement. In the Persian Gulf last week, no tanker was safe from missile fire as the 43-month-old war between Iran and Iraq took an alarming new direction. For months, Iraq's President Saddam Hussein had been threatening to attack any vessels using Iran's big oil-exporting facility at Kharg Island. The government of Iran's Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini had vowed, in turn, that it would respond to such an attack by blockading the Strait of Hormuz at the mouth of the gulf, choking off the oil lifeline to Japan and parts of Western Europe.

In the past month, the Iraqis have started to make good on their threat, using five French-made Super Etendard fighter planes to fire at vessels carrying Iranian oil, including some owned by Saudi Arabia, an ally of Iraq's, and by other Arab states. Last week, for the first time, the Iranians began to retaliate by attacking Saudi and Kuwaiti tankers in the gulf. So far, half a dozen are known to have been damaged. None has yet been destroyed, though the Saudi supertanker *Al Ahood* has been ablaze since it was struck by Iraqi missiles two weeks ago. But on Saturday the Iraqis struck and sank a Greek-owned cargo vessel bound for Iran.

Iraq hopes that by threatening tanker traffic, it can prevent Iran from financing its war effort with oil revenues. Iraq lost a large share of its oil production to Iranian bombing raids shortly after it invaded Iran in 1980. While Iran is probably incapable of closing the Strait of Hormuz to world shipping by military means, it certainly has the capacity to make travel within the gulf so hazardous and costly that shipping companies would be reluctant to send their tankers into the war zone. Already, several U.S. and Japanese firms, including Mobil Corp., have decided to stay out of the northern third of the gulf, and others are expected to follow suit. In London, insurance underwriters have tripled the cost of coverage for tankers and their cargo in the area. Assessing the situation, a Saudi diplomat observed that all the Iranians need to do to curtail oil supplies is keep up their occasional tanker attacks "and let Lloyd's of London do the rest."

Fortunately, the world is nowhere near as dependent on gulf oil as it was ten or even five years ago. Constantine Fliakos, a senior oil-trade analyst at Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc., notes that the closing of the Strait of Hormuz would no longer be a major threat to most Western economies. "We are in a different world now," he says. The U.S. currently imports only 3% of its oil from the gulf, compared with 13% in 1979. The general view is that if the gulf's present output of 7 million to 8 million bbl. a day, 40% of which comes from Saudi Arabia, were to be cut off, the vacuum could be largely filled by increased exports from nongulf producers such as Nigeria, Mexico, Venezuela, Indonesia and Libya.

In addition, many countries maintain strategic reserves. The U.S. alone has 400 million bbl., and the Saudis have at least 60 million bbl. stored on tankers at

The damaged Kuwaiti tanker *Bahrah* made it home for repairs GERALDO TEXEIRA

"Either the gulf will be safe for all, or it will be safe for none."

sea. "For three months," says Fliakos, "we could go on as if nothing had happened." Most experts agree, however, that a closure of the gulf would have a strong psychological impact and lead to a sharp, if temporary, increase in world oil prices of perhaps 20%. Among the countries most seriously affected would be Japan (which imports 58% of its oil from the gulf), Italy (46%), Spain (39%), and France (35%). In response to oil fears, the Tokyo stock exchange last Thursday experienced the second-worst day in its history. Furthermore, an oil cutoff could generate unrest and even upheaval in some of the gulf states. It could also lead the Arab countries to make withdrawals from Western banks, thereby putting added strain on the already troubled financial markets.

The latest round in the tanker war began early last week when a Kuwaiti-owned tanker of medium size, the *Umm Casbah*, was hit by rockets after leaving the Kuwaiti port of Mina al-Ahmadi. The Britain-bound ship was only slightly damaged, and after an emergency stop at Bahrain it sailed on toward the Strait of Hormuz with its cargo of fuel oil. The same evening, Iraq declared that it had not fired on gulf shipping for four days. If true, it could only mean that Iran had joined the tanker war at last.

The next day, the Iraqis retaliated by attacking two tankers in the vicinity of Kharg Island. Both the Greek-owned *Esperanza No. 2* and the Iranian-owned *Tabriz* were set ablaze. The ships were in the area where the *Al Ahood*, hit a week earlier, was still floundering and in danger of breaking up. Later that day, a Kuwaiti tanker, the *Bahrah*, was struck by a rocket after being circled by two unidentified planes. One aircraft returned to fire a second rocket, but the ship was able to continue to a Kuwaiti port. The Kuwaiti Cabinet subsequently issued a statement blaming Iran for the attack.

Next came a strike on a Saudi supertanker, the *Yenbu Pride*, which was heading south from Kuwait toward the Saudi port of Ras Tanura and was within Saudi coastal waters when it was hit by rockets. Again the Iranians were blamed. After a day's respite, two more ships were reported hit on Friday, this time by Iraq, and on Saturday came the sinking of the Greek-owned cargo vessel by an Iraqi missile.

In the absence of much verifiable information, rumors sprang up everywhere. One report, denied by Washington, had it that a U.S. destroyer was fired on by an Iranian warplane. There were also reports of dissension within the Iranian armed forces over the Khomeini government's new policy in the gulf. Many naval officers were said to be opposed to it, and an airman was reported to have defected to Saudi Arabia in his U.S.-built Phantom F-4 fighter aircraft.

The gulf states were slow to react to the tanker attacks. The foreign ministers of the six-nation Gulf Cooperation Council (Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Bahrain, Qatar, Oman and the United Arab Emirates) met in Riyadh. But after almost five hours of talks, the ministers merely condemned the Iranian attacks and said they would appeal to the United Nations Security Council and the Arab League. Extreme caution dominates the thinking of even the most powerful of the gulf nations, Saudi Arabia. Before the Iranian attackers hit the Saudi tanker off Ras Tanura last week, a U.S.-operated AWACS radar plane detected F-4s in the region and notified the Saudi air force. The Saudis scrambled their superior F-15 jet fighters in good time, but failed to engage the Iranian planes. The Saudis have at least 130 fighter aircraft, far more than the Iranians have in operating condition, but they are not eager to get involved in open combat.

Another course open to the gulf Arabs would be to seek closer military ties with the U.S., but they are reluctant to do so. Richard Murphy, Assistant Secretary of State for Middle Eastern Affairs, led a U.S. delegation to the gulf last month to offer to bring fighter squadrons into the area if the Arabs would permit the U.S. to build land bases there in return.

None of the gulf states said yes. Remarks a senior U.S. diplomat: "They have always been torn between wanting our protection and fearing the consequences it would bring. They want us around, but not underfoot." The Arabs in general remain wary of the U.S. relationship with Israel. The fragile sheikdoms dread the idea of having U.S. servicemen stationed in their midst. And most important, they are fearful of offending Khomeini too deeply because he just might win the war.

The Reagan Administration is left with little choice but to restate its policy of keeping the waterway open to international shipping. Five U.S. gunboats are in the gulf, and a task force of seven or eight vessels spearheaded by the carrier *Kitty Hawk* is in the Arabian Sea not far away. Last week the Administration emphasized that any U.S. military role in the region should be part of a multinational effort.

The prospect, as this futile and murderous war approaches its fifth year, is for a continuation of the struggle. Having finally repulsed the Iraqi invaders with tremendous casualties on both sides, the Iranians have tarried for months without launching their long-threatened "final offensive." Iraq is desperate to end the war it started; Iran is determined to destroy Saddam Hussein at any cost; and Saudi Arabia is terrified of a possible Iranian victory. That adds up to a bad formula for peace. Thus, while insurance rates climb and world oil prices quiver, the tanker war is likely to go on. Summarizing his country's new policy, the leader of Iran's parliament, Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, told his countrymen last week that they should be prepared for a "long-drawn-out war with the U.S." Said he: "Either the gulf will be safe for all, or it will be safe for none." —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/Riyadh and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

Iran's Ayatullah Khomeini

Iraq's Saddam Hussein

Beauty, power and protest: Au-Au Manotoc and Marcos vote, Salvador Laurel leads a postelection demonstration in Manila

THE PHILIPPINES

A Message for Marcos

In relatively free elections, opponents make unexpected gains

On the morning of the nationwide elections, Benedictine sisters from the Eucharistic King convent awoke before dawn, attended Mass, then braced themselves for violence. Small wonder: the nuns had signed up to serve as poll watchers in the northern town of Vigan, where for decades local thugs have rigged elections with intimidating tactics that would make a Mafioso blush. But throughout the day, the women stood firm. When the mayor swept up to a polling center with three Jeepfuls of cronies armed with fraudulent ballots, Sister Teresita Felicitas blocked their way. Elsewhere, when a young tough ordered Sister Proxedor to leave her poll-watching center, she stood her ground and prayed. And as soon as the polls closed, a platoon of nuns escorted the ballot boxes to the safety of the provincial treasurer's office. Said Antonio Lahoz, a lay colleague: "The sisters' presence probably gave voters the moral strength to resist any pressure against voting their consciences."

Thanks to such brave efforts around the nation, millions of Filipinos were encouraged last week to speak their minds and vote their consciences for the first time in 15 years. Protected by 150,000 volunteer poll watchers belonging to the National Citizens Movement for Free Elections (NAMFREL) and prompted by long-pent-up frustration with the autocratic government of President Ferdinand Marcos, voters delivered a stunning message: they were ready for change and prepared to fight for it. Before the election, the President had publicly prophesied a routine landslide victory for his Kilusang Bagong Lipunan (K.B.L.), or New Society Movement. Even the opposition umbrella group known as UNIDO (United Nationalist Democratic Organization) had prudently set its sights no higher than raising the number of opposition seats in the 200-member Batasang Pambansa (National Assembly) from 14 to 30. Final results will not be in until this week, but according to NAMFREL's estimate last Saturday, opposition parties had won 30 seats and were leading in 34 others.

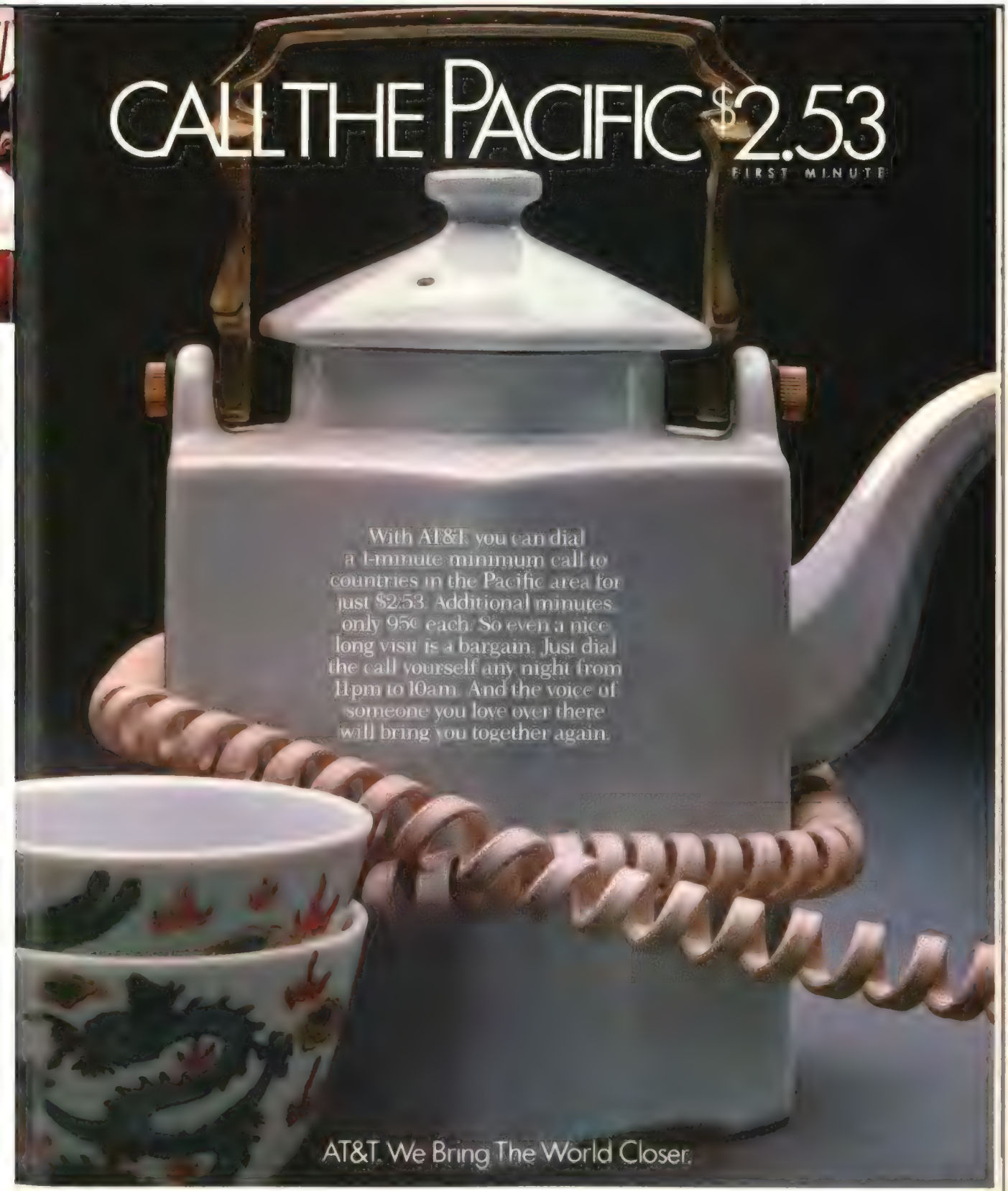
The opposition knew that it would need every ounce of persistence to maintain that gain as the count dragged on. On the day after the election, NAMFREL estimated that the government was losing in 97 constituencies. As the days passed, that figure steadily dwindled. Though the decline was explained in part by late-arriving returns from rural areas where the K.B.L. is strongest, it inevitably aroused suspicions that the government was rectifying its losses by shamelessly altering the returns. Whatever the final tally, Filipinos may now at last have some kind of check on Marcos' one-man, one-party rule. "Despite determined attempts to thwart the popular will," declared NAMFREL Chairman Jose Concepcion, "the Filipino people have proved that democracy is still alive in this country."

That moral and symbolic victory was achieved in the face of seemingly insuperable odds. The shocking, still unsolved assassination of Opposition Leader Benigno ("Ninoy") Aquino Jr. in Manila last August awoke almost overnight a vigorous and vociferous opposition to Marcos' government. When Marcos refused to meet demands to guarantee the legitimacy of the elections, which had been previously scheduled, Aquino's younger brother Agapito ("Butz"), together with former Senators Jose Diokno and Lorenzo Tañada, resolved to boycott the voting. Salvador Laurel and other Marcos opponents disagreed. While conceding that they had little hope against the money and machinery of the well-oiled K.B.L., they believed that by winning even a few seats they could begin to challenge Marcos' system from within. Easier said than done. Though Marcos reluctantly liberalized the election code in March, the President's men artfully contrived to cut away at many of his concessions.

An opposition candidate celebrates the outcome

On election day, true to form, bottles of acetone, designed to counteract specially ordered indelible ink, appeared in some precincts; officials' relatives were seen voting five times in others. In Quezon City, 23,000 squatters were threatened with relocation unless they voted for the K.B.L.; in Manila some K.B.L. voters were rewarded with envelopes containing around $130. Tragically, the pandemonium of election week also resulted in 109 deaths, mostly caused by clashes involving guerrillas of the Communist New People's Army.

For once, the opposition refused to shrug off such election chicanery. As members of the government-dominated election commission inexplicably dawdled over counting votes, demonstrators conducted a candlelight march on Manila's city hall, waving placards that proclaimed NINOY, YOU HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN!, TALLY SHEET,



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For the driver–an air bag mounted in the steering wheel hub. And at knee level, a padded bolster to help prevent his lower body from sliding forward under the dashboard in a major frontal impact.

For the front passenger–an emergency tensioning retractor, fitted into the reel mechanism of his normal seat belt.

In the milliseconds following a major frontal impact,

milliseconds it can sense a major frontal impact, inflate the driver's air bag, and tighten the front passenger's three point seat belt

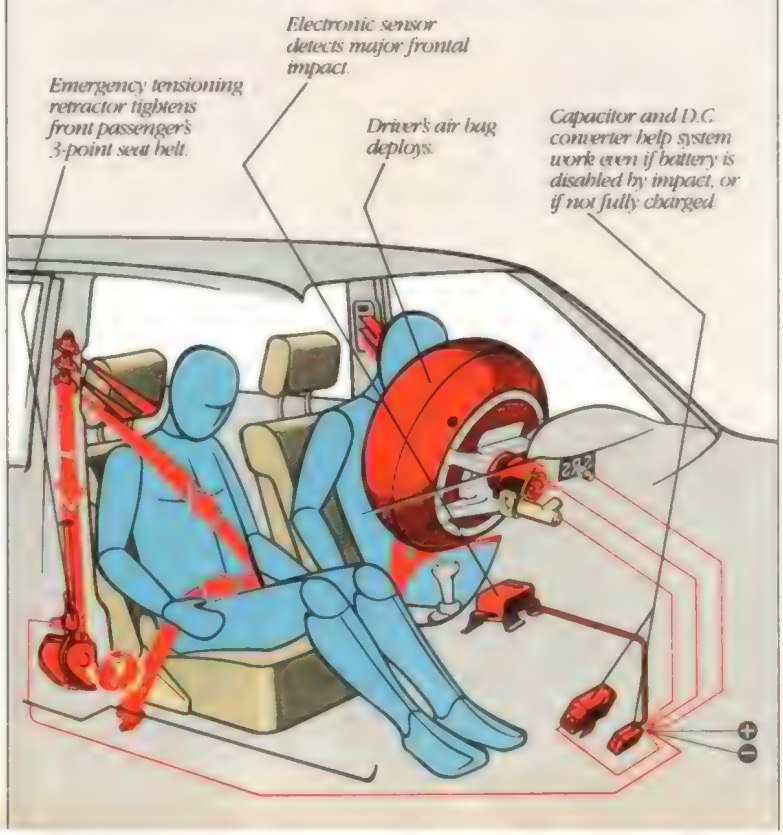
a built-in crash sensor electronically triggers two generators. One generator inflates the driver's air bag to insert a protective cushion between his head and the steering wheel–before he has even begun moving forward in reaction to the impact. The other generator simultaneously activates a pulley to tighten the front passenger's seat belt and restrain his body before it can start moving forward.

The air bag then rapidly deflates. And the front passenger's seat belt–like the driver's–can afterward be released simply by pressing the normal quick-release button.

The system is built to satisfy the stringent quality control standards of Mercedes-Benz. And it is honeycombed with safeguards against everything from accidental deployment to inappropriate deployment.

The system is designed to activate itself even if the car's battery were to be destroyed or made inoperable at the instant of impact. It is also meant to constantly monitor itself; and if a malfunction were detected, to signal it via an instrument panel warning light–prompting a quick check of the system by an authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer's service department.

ANATOMY OF THE SUPPLEMENTAL RESTRAINT SYSTEM



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In a recent survey, Mercedes-Benz drivers reported a seat belt usage rate much higher than the current U.S. average. The belief is that these safety-conscious drivers will quickly grasp and accept the Supplemental Restraint System concept. That their acceptance will, in turn, help pave the way for wider understanding and use of this and similar systems.

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NOT TALLY CHEAT! and ONE VOTE, ONE COUNT! In the capital's commercial center of Makati, a recount took away the victory of UNIDO Candidate Aurora ("Au-Au") Pijuan-Manotoc, 34, the former wife of Sportsman Tommy Manotoc, who is now married to the President's daughter Imee. Au-Au's outraged followers responded by storming the Makati city hall, flinging stones against the building and burning furniture in its courtyard.

Although the boycott movement drew no more than a few million of the nation's 24 million registered voters, Butz Aquino contended that it had indirectly helped the opposition cause by giving the K.B.L. "a false sense of security." Still, the boycotters remained skeptical that anti-Marcos forces could achieve meaningful reforms within the President's system. "Let's wait until the euphoria dies down and the dust settles," said Human Rights Lawyer Joker Arroyo. For its part, the newly elected opposition hoped to team up with disaffected K.B.L. members to steer government policy in a new direction.

Marcos' opponents are up against a formidable adversary. With characteristic craft, the President tried to turn his setback to advantage. While blaming his party's poor showing on the media, he told an American television interviewer, "I would presume that our instructions to our people to allow the opposition to win some seats might have been taken too literally." Marcos also had an answer for his country's international creditors, who have been hesitant to reschedule loans to the debt-ridden Philippines until the democratic process appears to be rehabilitated. "Now we can truthfully say," declared the President, "that we have presented to the world . . . a free democracy." But the canny President is well aware that too free a democracy can prove very limiting. ***—By Pico Iyer. Reported by Sandra Burton and Nelly Sindayen/Manila***

TUCCI—GAMMA/LIAISON

A vehicle for the boycott campaign

How free is this democracy?

ALEX TOMLE

A familiar springtime ritual: Hanoi's soldiers at the ready near the Chinese border

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Bullets and Broadsides

Amid conflicting claims, China and Viet Nam clash on the border

Near Dong Dang, a Vietnamese hamlet less than a mile from the Chinese border, scores of small, one-person artillery shelters have been dug into the lush hillsides. On one rise, a Soviet-made antiaircraft missile points at the mountains beyond the frontier. The border area is dotted with gun emplacements and camouflaged trucks, and swarms with barechested Vietnamese troops. In the middle of a nearby road, two 6-ft.-deep craters mark the points where Chinese artillery shells exploded earlier this month.

Dong Dang is only one of many villages on both sides of the border that have felt the effects of the most serious clashes between China and Viet Nam. Ever since 1979, when hundreds of thousands of Chinese troops rushed across the frontier, low-level skirmishes between the Communist adversaries have been a springtime ritual. Although wildly conflicting reports from Hanoi and Peking have obscured the real extent of this year's fighting, the sheer volume of the competing claims and counterclaims appears to confirm that the situation has seriously deteriorated. Only last week, the Vietnamese claimed they had killed or wounded hundreds of Chinese troops in the border province of Ha Tuyen.

The latest offensive began in early April when, according to the Vietnamese, the Chinese fired 40,000 artillery, mortar and rocket rounds at more than 100 targets across the border. In response, say the Vietnamese, they shelled the "Chinese land-grabbers." Without either confirming or denying that they provoked the latest fighting, Peking accused the Vietnamese of firing 10,000 rounds at "densely populated Chinese villages and towns in Yunnan and Guangxi." The Chinese claim Vietnamese infantry units have crossed the border in 90 places to lay land mines and plunder local settlements. Viet Nam recently showed off two Chinese prisoners to foreign journalists in Hanoi, while China's state-run television ran film clips of Chinese infantrymen near the border and of hospitalized Chinese casualties.

The flare-up coincides with an annual Vietnamese offensive against Khmer Rouge guerrillas opposed to Viet Nam's occupation of Kampuchea. Beginning in March, Vietnamese troops attacked rebel positions along the border between Thailand and Kampuchea. The Chinese, who support the guerrillas, use their own attacks to divert Vietnamese attention—and firepower—from Kampuchea.

China views Viet Nam's occupation of Kampuchea as an attempt to extend both its own influence and that of the Soviet Union in the region. Peking is also concerned about the development of Cam Ranh Bay, the vast military facility built by the U.S. during the Viet Nam War, into a major Soviet naval base. During President Reagan's visit to China in April, Chinese officials took pains to keep their guest informed of their activities along the Vietnamese border. At one point, TIME has learned, presidential aides received a memo asking them to tell Reagan that Chinese troops had attacked the Vietnamese. Said the note: "Please report to the President that this time the [Vietnamese] counterattack is very limited." Western diplomats in Peking also believe the hostilities between Viet Nam and China caused the abrupt postponement two weeks ago of a visit to Peking by Soviet First Deputy Premier Ivan Arkhipov. He would have been the highest Soviet official to visit China since Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin traveled to Peking in 1969. ***—By Russ Hoyle. Reported by David Aikman/Peking and James Willwerth/Dong Dang***

SOVIET UNION

Missing Person

Sakharov's fate is unknown

What has happened to Andrei Sakharov? That question took on increasing urgency last week as the Soviet Union's leading dissident passed what would have been the 18th day of his hunger strike in Gorky, the industrial city to which he was exiled in 1980. Since word leaked to the outside world that Sakharov, 63, had begun a fast to secure permission for his ailing wife Yelena Bonner to travel abroad for treatment for a heart condition, the Soviet authorities have isolated the couple behind a curtain of silence and have accused the U.S. of complicity in their protest. As days passed without news, pressure began to build in the West for Moscow to provide some answers about the fate of the Nobel Peace Prize recipient and his wife.

Sources close to the family said on Saturday that Sakharov was taken from his Gorky apartment nearly two weeks ago and has not been heard from since. The information apparently was contained in a telegram from Bonner to Sakharov's three children in Moscow. The last definite word about the couple came two weeks ago from Irina Kristi, a family friend. After a visit to Gorky, she reported that Bonner was being prevented from leaving the city. TASS, the Soviet news agency, accused the U.S. embassy of masterminding Sakharov's hunger strike and plotting to give Bonner political asylum. A senior U.S. official confirmed last week that two embassy officers met with Bonner during her last visit to Moscow in April. He said that Bonner left behind two appeals from Sakharov, but he denied that the embassy had any prior knowledge of the couple's plans. Moscow charged the U.S. with trying to "wriggle out" of the conspiracy.

Members of the Sakharov family living in the West speculated that Bonner had joined the fast. Aleksei Semyonov, Bonner's son from her first marriage, who lives in Newton, Mass., glumly noted, "We believe it could be a matter of days now before either one or both of them die." In Paris, Bonner's daughter, Tatyana Yankelevich, appealed to French President François Mitterrand, who plans to visit Moscow this summer, to intervene. Foreign ministers from the European Community sent a joint statement on the Sakharovs to their Soviet counterpart, Andrei Gromyko. The U.S. State Department denounced the Soviet treatment of the couple as "inhumane and incomprehensible."

When they went on a fast in 1981 to force the authorities to grant an exit visa to Semyonov's wife, the Kremlin relented after 17 days. The new, tough attitude toward the Sakharovs is seen by some Washington officials as yet another sign of the Soviets' truculent mood. ■

YANKELEVICH—SIPA/SPECIAL FEATURES

Sakharov, photographed by Bonner (1983)

YANKELEVICH—SIPA/SPECIAL FEATURES

Bonner poses for Photographer Sakharov in their Gorky apartment (December 1983)

Once a lifeline to the outside world, now isolated behind a curtain of silence.

MIDDLE EAST

Old Wounds

More gunfire and bickering

"We have three months to lay down the foundations of a new Lebanon. We should not let this opportunity go." So said Lebanon's Prime Minister, Rashid Karami, last week, while gunfire and explosions in the streets of Beirut added emphasis to his message. In the three weeks since President Amin Gemayel appointed Karami's "last-chance government," as it has been dubbed, at least 50 civilians have been killed in the Lebanese capital and hundreds have been wounded. During that period the ten-member Cabinet, evenly divided between Christians and Muslims, has remained at loggerheads over the same problems that have blocked all previous attempts at reconciliation in the shattered country.

One of the biggest impasses is how to rebuild the Lebanese Army. Muslim Cabinet members, especially Shi'ite Amal Leader Nabih Berri and Druze Chieftain Walid Jumblatt, want a restructuring that would weaken the traditional Maronite Christian hold on senior military positions. Christian leaders, notably Phalangist Patriarch Pierre Gemayel and former President Camille Chamoun, are fiercely resisting that course.

The question is how long Lebanon's new overlord, Syria, will remain patient. Syrian President Hafez Assad has shown little interest in direct intervention in Lebanese politics. But Karami seemed to suggest that the Syrians might start exerting more pressure to break the deadlock.

Another prickly issue is the situation in southern Lebanon. Occupying Israeli forces last week flexed their muscles briefly as tanks and troop carriers surrounded the Palestinian refugee camp of Ein el Hilweh, near Sidon, in a hunt for weapons and explosives. Two people were injured when Israeli troops opened fire, and a house was destroyed as the Israelis arrested about 30 residents. The camp was also the scene of escalating clashes between supporters of the P.L.O. and Ein el Hilweh's 30-member national guard, a local Palestinian militia organized and armed by the Israelis.

Meanwhile, Israelis had reason to ponder the potential for violence in their midst. They were shocked last week by the detention of Rabbi Moshe Levinger, 49, a spiritual leader of Israel's militant West Bank settlers, who was held for questioning as part of a government crackdown on anti-Arab terrorism. No charges were laid against Levinger, but 25 other Israelis, including at least two active officers, some reserve officers, and soldiers from Israeli commando units, are now under arrest. Among the incidents under investigation are the 1980 car bombing of two West Bank Arab mayors, a July 1983 attack on Hebron's Islamic College and a foiled plot last month to blow up six Arab buses. ■

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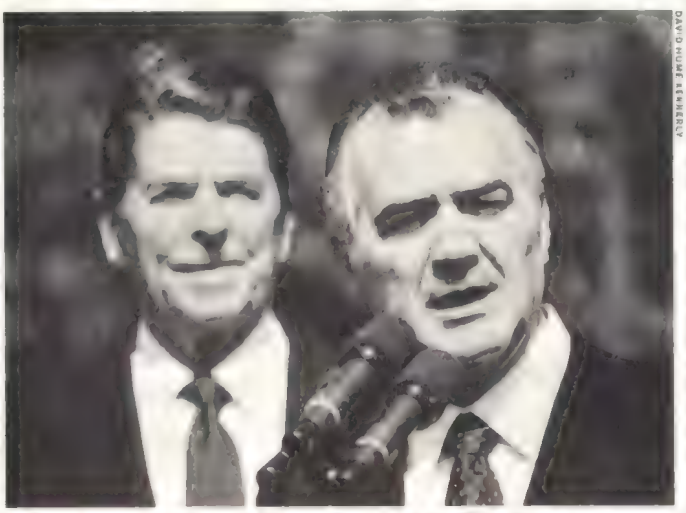
THE HEMISPHERE

Straight Talk from a Neighbor

Mexico's President presses the U.S. on Central America

The words were polite but assertive: "Democracy cannot use the arms of tyranny. Reason and understanding are superior to the illusion of the effectiveness of force." That advice from the rostrum in the House of Representatives, directed at the Reagan Administration's policies in Central America, came not from a Democratic Congressman but from Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado, leader of a nation sandwiched between the U.S. and Central America, with a capital city nearly as populous as all of the isthmus' tiny republics put together.

During his 2½-day visit to Washington, De la Madrid, 49, disguised his criticism in diplomatic jargon. But as he addressed a joint session of Congress, his message was clear and the response overwhelming. He received a standing ovation when he entered the packed chamber. Four times during his 30-minute speech, he was interrupted by applause. In an open-armed bow, the Mexican President thanked Congress for its support of diplomatic efforts in the region. Said he: "Latin America demands a new understanding between its countries and the industrialized countries of the hemisphere."



DAVID HUME KENNERLY

Polite but assertive: De la Madrid with Reagan on the White House lawn

As a crisp wind whipped the flags on the South Lawn of the White House, President Reagan welcomed De la Madrid with the U.S. prescription for regional peace. "Responsible governments of this hemisphere cannot afford to close their eyes to what is happening or be lulled by unrealistic optimism," Reagan said, implying that Mexico was naively ignoring the Communist threat in Central America. De la Madrid responded by warning of "the risk of a generalized war." He called on all parties to "apply the principles and rules of international law established by the countries of the American continent: self-determination, nonintervention, equality of states before the law, peaceful solution of conflicts and international cooperation for development."

Cautious as the phrasing was, De la Madrid's American hosts had little trouble getting his meaning. The reference to "rules of international law" was implicit criticism of the CIA-organized mining of Nicaraguan harbors. "Nonintervention" and "self-determination" referred to U.S. support for the *contra* guerrillas who are trying to overthrow the Sandinista government of Nicaragua. "Peaceful solutions" was a slap at the U.S. military buildup in Central America. "Equality of states before the law" and "international cooperation" were allusions to the U.S. economic squeeze on Nicaragua.

In a private 45-minute session with Reagan in the Oval Office, De la Madrid reiterated his belief that the problems of Central America should be dealt with not by military means but through diplomacy. He tried to enlist greater U.S. support for the diplomatic Contadora process, in which Mexico is a leading player *(see box)*. "They agreed that the search for peace was the primary objective," a senior official explained after the meeting. In others words, there was little agreement on substance.

Support for Contadora came from another quarter last week. Echoing De la Madrid's assessment, the Inter-American Dialogue, a privately funded group of U.S. and Latin American diplomats, businessmen and academics, concluded in an 87-page report that "the roots of insecurity in the hemisphere and particularly in Central America are primarily economic, social and political." The solutions, it added, "lie in economic and social development and political dialogue, not in more weapons and military advisers." The study, prepared under the direction of Sol Linowitz, former U.S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States, encouraged direct negotiations between the government and guerrillas in El Salvador. It also urged the U.S. to stop supporting the *contras* who are fighting Nicaragua's Sandinista government.

Despite the attention given to Central America, De la Madrid's main purpose in Washington was to discuss the hemisphere's economic plight. He argued that economic recovery throughout Latin America is being hampered by high U.S. interest rates and protectionist measures that keep out many of its products. De la Madrid stressed that Latin America's $335 billion foreign debt, of which Mexico's $85 billion is second only to Brazil's $96 billion, poses a potentially worse problem for the U.S. than the turmoil in Central America. The reason: many countries are being forced to impose harsh austerity measures that create social unrest. The Mexican delegation specifically asked Reagan to ease import tariffs on such Mexican products as steel and leather goods. Administration officials were somewhat unsympathetic, arguing that Mexico's markets are far more protected than those of the U.S. Mexico, for example, sells some $40 million worth of beer to the U.S., but bans American beer from entering the country. The Administration, however, offered to consider loosening regulations against the sale of unfairly subsidized products. Under the proposal, U.S. manufacturers complaining about Mexican goods would have to demonstrate not only that the products had been subsidized but that the lower price had "injured" competitors in the U.S. market.

If De la Madrid could speak with any confidence, it was because he has used his 18 months in office to put Mexico's economic house in relative order. When he took office in December 1982, the Harvard-educated economist inherited a stagnant economy with an inflation rate of more than 100%, unemployment of 8% and a plummeting peso. He quickly imposed a rigorous austerity program and renegotiated the country's short-term loans so as to make interest payments easier. De la Madrid cut the government deficit and sharply reduced imports, especially of luxury goods. As a result, Mexico should enjoy a trade surplus of $9.5 billion in 1984; foreign currency reserves increased $3 billion in 1983 alone.

De la Madrid has had some success in dealing with Mexico's endemic corruption. He has created watchdog offices for public spending and jailed Jorge Díaz Serrano, former president of the state-owned PEMEX oil giant, on charges of defrauding the company of $34 million. He has also allowed the government to investigate the suspicious wealth of former Mexico City Police Chief Arturo Durazo Moreno, and confis-

Warning of "the risk of a generalized war" in the region.

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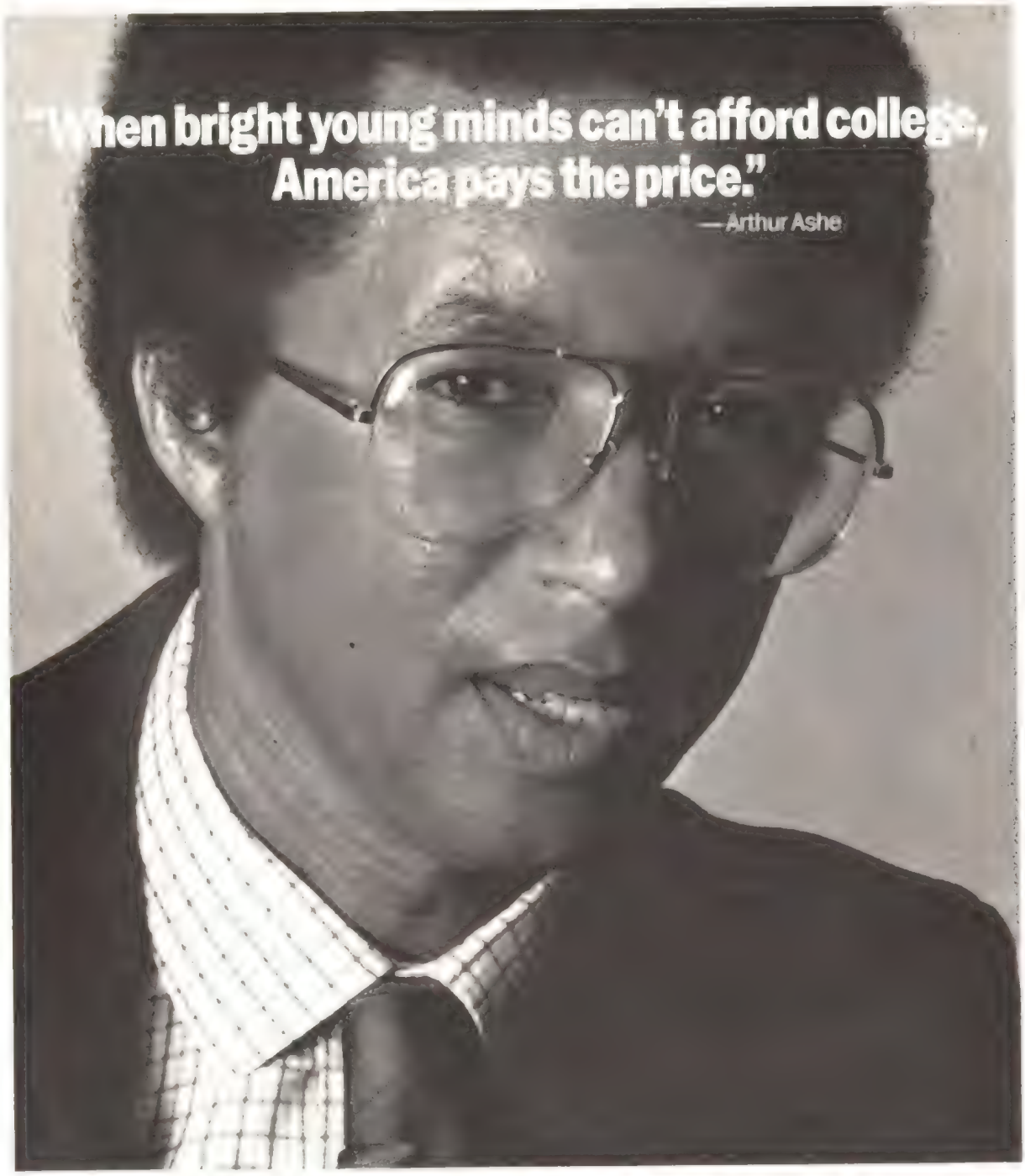

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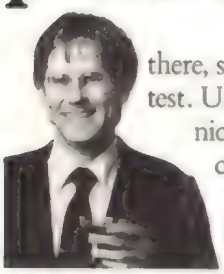

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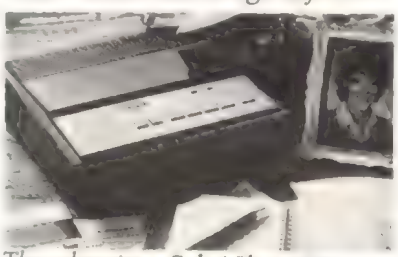

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cated some of his ostentatious properties.

Even so, huge problems remain. Inflation is still running at 50% to 60%, unemployment has risen to 12%, and underemployment is an estimated 37%. Considering their country's own debt, many Mexicans questioned De la Madrid's efforts to arrange a $500 million bailout loan for Argentina during a tour of South America last March. Says Miguel Angel Granados Chapa, a liberal newspaper columnist: "His style is that of a doctor who has diagnosed what the problem is and then proceeds to surgery. There is no anesthesia."

The two corruption cases have been cheered on by the public, but many people complain that "moral renovation," the term De la Madrid coined during his election campaign, has run its course. Mexicans point to the case of former President José López Portillo, who is widely thought to have lined his pockets during his six years in office but is living in comfortable self-imposed exile in Paris with no charges against him. "De la Madrid seems honest in his personal desire to eliminate corruption," observes a Western diplomat, "but after decades of corruption, Mexicans expected to see some heads roll."

Another sensitive issue for the Mexican President is the treatment of some 46,000 Guatemalan refugees in camps along Mexico's southern border. The refugees began to cross the border in large numbers in 1982, when the Guatemalan army began a massive counterinsurgency campaign. Various political and religious groups have complained that the Guatemalans are being denied access to food and medical treatment, and are sometimes treated as criminals by local authorities. The Mexican government announced this month that it would move the refugees to new camps 130 miles north in the oil-rich region of Campeche. Relocating the refugees may limit incursions by the Guatemalan army, thereby resecuring Mexico's southern border. Yet even if the immediate problem is solved, it serves as a reminder that Mexico is vulnerable to upheavals south of its border.

Before the departing Mexican delegation was even airborne, Congress was once again slogging through the Central American quagmire. A House-Senate conference failed to approve a $62 million military-aid package for El Salvador, as well as the Administration's request for $21 million in covert aid to the *contras*. In an effort to lobby for a bill that would provide $114 million in military aid to El Salvador, Reagan was to meet with newly elected Salvadoran President José Napoleón Duarte during his visit to Washington this week. It was the White House's hope that Duarte could sway Congress, where he is held in high regard, more than De la Madrid had influenced Reagan. —***By Laura López. Reported by David DeVoss with De la Madrid and Barrett Seaman/Washington***

The Diplomatic Alternative

The day before Mexico's President assured Congress that "dialogue and a negotiated solution are possible" in Central America, two of the region's nations announced that they had arrived at exactly that kind of arrangement. After a daylong meeting in Panama City, Costa Rica and Nicaragua signed an agreement allowing multinational inspection teams along their 192-mile border. The accord was a concrete step toward ending tension that began when Nicaragua attacked U.S.-backed *contra* guerrillas who operate from Costa Rica.

The Panama City agreement was signed at a meeting of the Contadora group, composed of representatives of Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia and Panama. The signing, said Costa Rican Foreign Minister Carlos José Gutiérrez, "confirms the thesis that the Contadora process is a genuine and viable forum toward a peace settlement and brings confidence we will succeed in a short time." He referred to the process begun in January 1983 when representatives of the four countries met at the Panamanian resort island of Contadora to search for a peaceful solution to the Central American crisis through indirect diplomacy.

Although its results have been elusive, the one certainty about Contadora is that virtually everyone supports the idea. The Reagan Administration and European allies endorse it; so do the Soviet Union, Cuba and Nicaragua's Sandinistas. Congressional and other critics of U.S. policy regularly pillory the Administration for not paying enough attention to Contadora. U.S. backing for Contadora, former U.S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States Sol Linowitz charged last week, was merely "lip service."

Gutiérrez and D'Escoto in Panama City

Contadora is an effort by the four sponsoring countries to mediate among five Central American nations: Nicaragua, El Salvador, Costa Rica, Honduras and Guatemala. Both the U.S. and Cuba were specifically excluded. In July 1983, the presidents of the four Contadora states pledged to seek, among other things, "effective control of the [regional] arms race, the withdrawal of foreign advisers . . . and the prohibition of the use of the territory of one state to plan military or political activities that will cause instability in other states." Meeting at the National Bank of Panama building in Panama City last September, the group got all the countries involved to endorse a list of 20 objectives that address the major political and military concerns in the area. Among them: withdrawal of all foreign military advisers and bases; a scaling down of national armed forces; a commitment to democratic pluralism. So far, however, the members have failed to translate the 20 objectives into formal treaty language.

According to the Reagan Administration, the lack of progress is partly the result of foot-dragging on the part of Nicaragua. Indeed, Washington argues that its covert support for the *contras* is one of the few sources of leverage on the Sandinistas to cooperate in Contadora. One State Department official says that only a diplomatic ruse got the Sandinistas to agree to discuss Contadora's 20 goals. By his account, the Nicaraguans for several months sought to avoid sessions with the other Central American nations before agreeing to join a ceremonial dinner. Once the Nicaraguans were seated, the impasse was broken, and they found themselves involved with a working agenda.

Another cause for delay is that the Nicaraguans depend heavily upon Cuban diplomats for guidance. U.S. officials say that at recent Contadora sessions, the Nicaraguans and Cubans have occupied adjoining hotel suites. Last week's Panama City agreement was announced only after the Sandinista Foreign Minister, Miguel d'Escoto Brockmann, met quietly with Cuban Deputy Foreign Minister Ricardo Alarcón de Quesada. The U.S. maintains its own discreet channels of influence with Contadora through the Administration's special presidential envoy for Central America, Harry Shlaudeman, a veteran Foreign Service officer who was executive director of the Kissinger Commission on Central America.

The next test of Contadora's success is expected to come in mid-July. A group of Central American deputy foreign ministers intends to hammer out a negotiating text for the delayed draft treaty. Depending on the outcome, the much praised, little understood Contadora process may take another significant step forward.

COLOMBIA

War on the Cocaine Mafia

An outraged President takes on the drug traffickers

It was an unconditional declaration of war that Colombian President Belisario Betancur Cuartes issued from the pulpit of the cathedral in Neiva earlier this month. He had walked to the cathedral behind the flag-draped coffin of his slain Justice Minister, Rodrigo Lara Bonilla, 37. "There will be no truce for the narcotics traffickers," Betancur vowed, his voice trembling with emotion. "There will be punishment without mercy." The mourners broke into applause when the President declared, "The international drug criminals will see us standing proudly before a homeland that stands united in repudiation!"

Lara was murdered with a submachine gun on April 30 by two men riding on a motorcycle. One of them was killed when the machine crashed. The survivor confessed that he had been paid $21,000 to carry out the killing. Lara, a vigorous opponent of narcotics traffickers, became the first Cabinet official to die at the hands of the Colombian mafia. Within hours of his death, Colombian police, army and security forces launched the most extensive crackdown on the narcotics trade in the country's history, one that promises to help the U.S. in its uphill struggle to stem the ever rising tide of Colombian cocaine and marijuana. The U.S. has backed the Colombian government's antinarcotics efforts with $7 million in aid since 1983, and the State Department has requested an additional $10.3 million for next year.

The war is being waged not only in the countryside, where marijuana and cocaine are grown and processed, but also inside Colombia's corrupt bureaucracy. After Lara's funeral, Betancur declared a nationwide state of emergency, giving the army a free hand to arrest suspects without a warrant and try them in military courts. Hundreds of people have been detained so far. About 400 judges accused of handling narcotics cases improperly will be removed, as well as 280 members of the national police force who have allegedly accepted bribes from the Colombian mafia.

The authorities have expropriated about 150,000 acres of land belonging to the cocaine mafia. A March 10 raid uncovered one of the largest cocaine-processing operations in the world: a modern complex 430 miles southeast of Bogotá that boasted 19 laboratories, where a thousand workers produced an estimated 25 tons of cocaine a month. The plant's 13.8 tons of cocaine represented roughly one-fifth of U.S. yearly consumption (estimated street price: $1.2 billion). When the police dumped it into the nearby Yari River, the waters ran white with foam.

The military has also confiscated tons of weapons, along with private yachts and aircraft, and destroyed more than 200 other clandestine airstrips. A veteran pilot described the country's underworld air traffic as resembling "a swarm of bees combing the jungle for their honey."

Betancur has agreed to a U.S. request for extradition of 23 narcotics suspects, many of them sought by authorities in Miami, which is becoming one of the world's major cocaine capitals. Most wanted by the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) is Carlos Lehder, 33, who has been indicted in Florida for cocaine importation and distribution. He is rumored to be in Peru.

Meanwhile, the man most wanted by Colombian authorities is Pablo Escobar, 34, a prime suspect in the Lara killing. Escobar is believed to have united the 15 or so families that control the bulk of Colombia's drug industry into a consortium. This organization, known as the Medellín Mafia, directs most of the nation's narcotics operations, from the processing of coca leaves into paste, much of which is imported from Bolivia and Peru, to the marketing of cocaine and marijuana in the U.S. According to Colombian police, Escobar's personal holdings include at least 15 airplanes, numerous ranches throughout Colombia and real estate holdings in the U.S. At his 10,000-acre spread near Puerto Triunfo, Escobar kept a private zoo of 1,500 animals, among them a five-ton elephant. He was elected to Colombia's Congress in 1982 as head of his own political party, and is still a Congressman. He is rumored to be in Australia.

Escobar allegedly paved the way in the late 1970s for the Colombians' ever growing stake in the U.S. narcotics traffic by unleashing the "Cocaine Cowboys," a squad of brutal, ruthless killers. "The Colombian mafia like to hit you where you hurt most, especially your family," explains Lucho Arango, 29, a Bogotá office worker whose family ran afoul of the mafia. According to Psychologist Gonzalo Amador, mafia enforcers will kill their enemies' wives, children, servants and family friends. They have even been known to kill the family parrot "to keep it from talking," he says.

Many Colombians doubt whether the government will be able to sustain its crackdown for very long. They fear that once the state of emergency is lifted, the drug traders will be back in business. However, John Phelps, a U.S. drug-enforcement official in Colombia, believes that if the government's war on drug traffickers continues at its present pace, the mafia's ability to mass produce and distribute narcotics will be crippled. Certainly, President Betancur has much of the population behind his efforts to stamp out the drug trade. A Colombian woman may have best expressed the attitude of many toward the mafia. A few days ago she was seen in Bogotá looking at the cover of a weekly magazine showing the dead minister's widow and two sons crying over his coffin. Said she: "Kill them, kill them! They are the excrement of our society." *—By Hunter R. Clark. Reported by Bernard Diederich and Tom Quinn/Bogotá*

Seized cocaine factory in Colombian jungle; President Betancur follows coffin of slain minister

"There will be no truce for the traffickers. There will be punishment without mercy."

"We live in a world in which strength
on the part of peace-loving nations
is still the greatest deterrent to aggression."

President Harry S. Truman
Annual Address to Congress—January 6, 1947

A strong national defense has always been the most certain guarantee of peace and freedom.

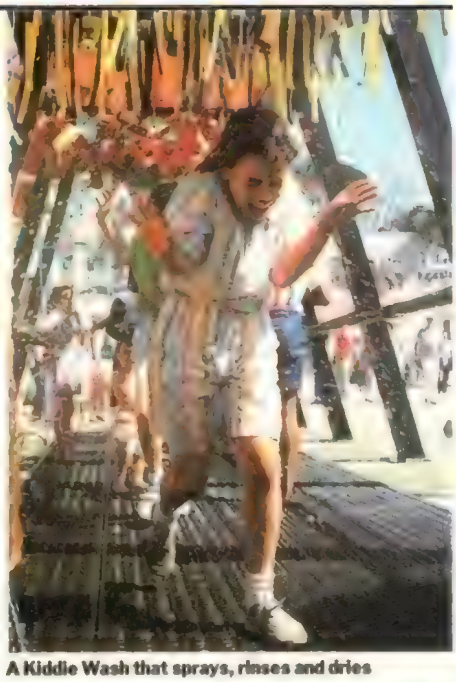
While the definition of necessary levels of defense may be debated, knowledgeable men and women hold the fundamental need for national security to be self-evident.

It is apparent that an adequate national defense cannot be achieved without the resources to develop the most advanced military technology. An intelligent defense must also include a balanced supply of the equipment that is most necessary to turn aside any hostile force.

We are fortunate in that we can—with confidence—depend on America's armed forces to defend our freedom. However, these dedicated men and women do need our support. Grass roots patriotism, which is never out of fashion, is an important part of America's inner strength.

Lockheed

Opening day: bare-breasted mermaids, a gigantoid pelican and a touch of Mardi Gras razzmatazz



A Kiddie Wash that sprays, rinses and dries

Living

The Worldliest World's Fair

New Orleans throws a $350 million fete on the levee

The fragrance of the food, they say, wafts all the way out to the Gulf of Mexico. The roar of the bands washes up the Mississippi to St. Louis, maybe. The soul, spirit and stomach of the World's Fair that started its six-month run in New Orleans a week ago is the city itself: brooding and flamboyant, raucous and urbane, devout and dissolute. The fair stirs together the razzmatazz of Mardi Gras, the harmony of New Orleans' elegant old buildings and the French-Spanish-African-Italian-Irish-German-Creole-Cajun gumbo gusto of its everyday, every-night street life. With a generous infusion of pavilions and exhibitions from the rest of the U.S. and 24 other nations, the Louisiana World Exposition—to give the $350 million extravaganza its formal name—is the worldliest of World's Fairs.

It is also brushed with fantasy, whimsy and quite real magic. One day before Cajun-raised Governor Edwin Edwards opened the exposition by intoning *"Laissez les bons temps rouler!* Let the good times roll!" the grounds had been a construction site. But somehow overnight the fair was mostly ready to go. By the end of the first week, the last two pavilions were finally finished dressing. And everything painted, powdered and primped looked alluring, if slightly deshabille.

The fete's official theme is "The World of Rivers: Fresh Water as a Source of Life," and the planners have taken ingenious advantage of the aqueous motif. The main entrance to the 84-acre site is dominated by a sculpture of the sea god Neptune grappling with a tail-flailing native alligator. Flamboyantly presiding over the *faux*-granite gates are a titanic pair of bare-breasted mermaids, who have stirred a surprising flap in a city sated with live mammary display, and a gigantoid pelican, the state bird (no flap).

The grounds inside sparkle with fountains, winding waterways, aqueducts, pools and water sculptures. The fair has permanently opened up 4,000 ft. of riverfront that had become inaccessible to the city. Tall ships and small, paddle wheelers and naval vessels will tie up there during the summer. Most of the exhibitions, including those of the U.S., China, France, Egypt, Canada, Korea and the Mississippi states, feature water-related history, culture and technology. The water theme has provided a natural cue—if one is needed—for an Aquacade, styled after Billy Rose's hit of the 1939 New York World's Fair. The most popular attraction for children so far is the Kiddie Wash, which sprays, brushes, rinses and dries young visitors like a car laundry. With the city's near tropical summer temperatures, parents may insist on accompanying their offspring for a dousing.

"There's water, water everywhere," a tour guide assures the visitor. "And plenty else to drink." Just so. Water fountains for the thirsty were in short supply last week, but a daiquiri stand was an instant success, as was the bar in the Australian Pa-

A sea god with his lady; below, Vatican exhibit visitor

Photographs for TIME by Herman Kokojan—Black Star

A phantasmagoria of shapes and hurly-burly: the Wonderwall wanders up to what is billed as the U.S.'s largest Ferris wheel

vilion (where an oversize can of Foster's Lager was going for $5.50, and going very well indeed). Swelling the city's already eclectic cuisine is an international array of offerings from bratwurst and *gelato* to the spicy home-town jambalaya. Some food sellers, however, particularly those in the out-of-the-way market area, reported that fairgoers were not gobbling their fare at quite the anticipated rate.

When the children are abed, the fair takes on a new life. Very good children should, in fact, be allowed to see the twilight transformation as 10 million light bulbs wink alive. The computerized lighting system, designed by Richard Peters, provides soft, ever changing illumination. Focal, ambient and sparkling lamps caress the roofs and walkways and bounce stars onto the river and lagoons. The lighting patterns change six times nightly and are different each night. Each evening too a different fireworks display explodes over the sky.

Music is everywhere. Cajun zydeco and cool blues vie with big bands and hot jazz. There are marching bands and washboard scratchers, as well as beer hall oom-pah-pah and big-name oomph. Concert performers will run the scale from Willie Nelson and Linda Ronstadt to Itzhak Perlman and Isaac Stern. Naturally, Al Hirt and Pete Fountain will also drop by to blow a few notes on behalf of the local talent.

But fun and games are not the whole point. First-week visitors crowded into the Vatican Pavilion to see its rare collection of art treasures. (A ticket for the Vatican exhibit costs $5, the only pavilion not included free in the fair's $15 general admission.) Another early favorite was Canada's 15-minute film that takes viewers on a giddy journey careering over rapids, falls and rivers to celebrate that country's boast of having more fresh water than all the rest of the world together. A 15-minute 3-D film in the U.S. Pavilion is almost as good, and the prototype space shuttle *Enterprise* sits just outside in graceful, awesome repose.

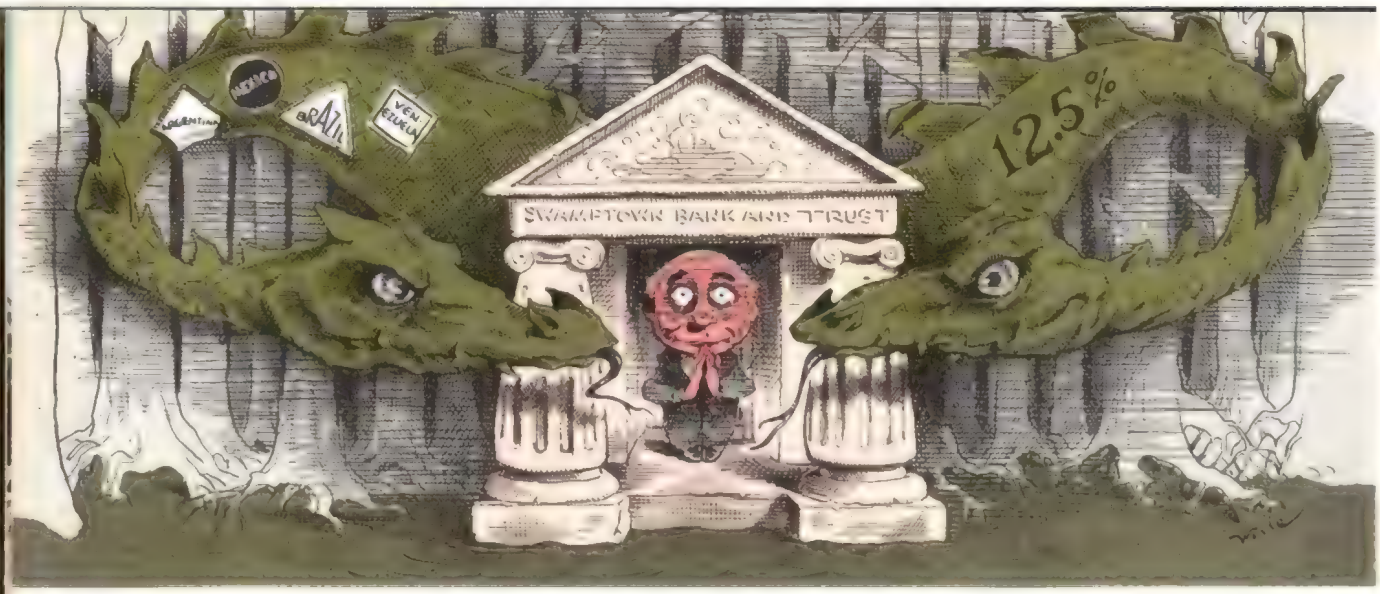
Some exhibitions were disappointing no-shows. An early boast that Jacques Cousteau would make his own watery contribution did not turn out to be true. Belize, Honduras and the Dominican Republic were planning a rain forest that has not yet fully emerged from the mists. Nor should visitors expect the sort of vast enterprise undertaken at the World's Fairs in Montreal (1967) and in Osaka (1970). This is officially a World Exposition, on the scale of the one in Knoxville, Tenn., two years ago. Alongside that effort, New Orleans can hold its candle proudly, and with a raffish wink that few cities would wish to match.

The image of the fair that lingers longest in the mind is half a mile of intricate shapes called the Wonderwall, which connects the two main gates. Though it was designed for a practical purpose, to divert the eye from overhead power lines, fantasy has overtaken function. The fair's master architects, Perez Associates, claim that the Wonderwall was inspired by Piranesi's etching of the Circus Maximus in Rome, but the multicolored Styrofoam and Fiberglas-mesh structure looks more as if it had been dreamed up in a Bourbon Street bar by the design team of Dali and Disney. Grecian urns and Roman busts sit among the rooftops; gilded cherubs toot their horns; alligators double as seats; a peacock spreads a vibrant tail. The wall's up and down hurly-burly has performing areas, water sculptures, flowers and 41 fountains.

Not the least of the fair's merits is its convenient location, adjacent to the central business district, only blocks from the French Quarter. More than 15,000 of the city's 24,000 hotel rooms are within walking distance. (Most hotels will continue the usual summer practice of discounting rooms 10% to 25%.) A 60-acre parking lot provides space for 7,500 cars and can handle about 20,000 bus passengers daily. From another huge parking lot, directly across the river in Algiers, visitors can swoop into the fair in a new 2,200-ft., $12.5 million gondola (gon-*doh*-la to natives). The ride in the six-person cars is worth it on its own for the spectacular views of the Mississippi, Lake Pontchartrain and the city 350 ft. below.

The fair will make a welcome permanent mark on New Orleans. Taking over a swath of the levee that had been cut off by wharves and railyards, the big show will leave behind the riverfront promenade, the gondola system and the Great Hall, which will become a convention center. It has also hastened the refurbishing of more than two dozen 19th and early 20th century warehouses, whose harmonious blend of textures and styles—Greek revival, Italianate and postmodern—is unmatched in any other U.S. city. These will be converted into badly needed offices, apartments and stores. The future star of the levee will be a $55 million shopping-and-entertainment mall called the Riverwalk, to be designed and run by the Rouse Co., which developed Boston's Faneuil Hall Marketplace and Baltimore's Harborplace.

After some preopening financial difficulties, the *fête accomplie* could still use some luck to go with its magic. It needs 65,000 visitors a day—12 million in all—to break even, and the first week was below that. Thin crowds on a few days left some attractions half-filled and dimmed part of the fair's delight. But word of mouth among those who came was virtually all enthusiastic, and official confidence remains high. Win or lose, the city is looking better than it has in memory. And it is palpably feeling good, with reason. *Let the good times roll.* —**By Michael Demarest. Reported by David S. Jackson and David Snyder/New Orleans**



Economy & Business

"A Crisis of Confidence"

Rumors and rising interest rates send jitters through the banking world

In Chicago, the harried Continental Illinois Bank had to dip deep into the largest rescue fund ever arranged for a U.S. lender. In Washington, D.C., World Bank officials warned that the latest jump in American interest rates will add $1.25 billion a year to the Third World's already crushing debt. In Paris, European moneymen lashed out at rising U.S. borrowing costs. On both sides of the Atlantic last week, such concerns were sending shock waves through the money world. Said Bank Analyst Stephen Berman of L.F. Rothschild, Unterberg, Towbin: "The U.S. banking system is suffering from a crisis of confidence."

The most visible trouble spot was Continental Illinois, the seventh-largest U.S. bank. Aggressive lending to energy firms and other ailing borrowers has filled its books with $2.3 billion in sour loans. After rumors that the bank was about to fail led to a run on the Chicago lender, Morgan Guaranty and 15 other big banks last week rushed to Continental's rescue with a $4.5 billion line of credit, the largest ever for an American bank. Its goal: to help avert what threatened to become the biggest collapse in U.S. banking history.

But even that effort proved too small to keep panicky corporate customers in the U.S., Europe and Japan from withdrawing $8 billion a day in deposits. By week's end the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and private lenders had to pump $2 billion directly into Continental. Though it normally does not insure amounts of more than $100,000, the FDIC went so far as to pledge that all the bank's depositors and creditors would be "fully protected." In addition, the Federal Reserve Board, which had also been supplying credit to Continental, promised to continue doing so until the bank's problems have been solved. And the Morgan Guaranty–led bankers, strengthened by the addition of twelve members to their group, put up $1 billion of fresh credit. Said a Continental officer: "If this can't restore confidence, I don't know what can."

Preparations for the federal bailout, the swiftest and most complete on record, began shortly after rumors started circulating about Continental on May 10. Details were hashed out in meetings and phone calls between Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker, FDIC Chairman William Isaac and Comptroller of the Currency C. Todd Conover. "This is a very historic thing," said one New York banker. "This is the first time the Fed has been party to any kind of statement that 'nobody is going to lose.' "

Nonetheless, Continental Chairman David Taylor suggested last week that still more moves may be forthcoming. Conceding that "we've had some rather serious earnings problems," Taylor said the institution may have to merge with another lender and has retained the Wall Street firm Goldman, Sachs to help it find a buyer. "The candidates open to us are numbered among the top 50 banks in the world," he added. For now, Taylor gave investors the disappointing if not wholly unexpected news that Continental plans to save $20 million by omitting its next quarterly common-stock dividend.

The talk of a merger immediately sparked speculation about possible buyers. Analysts say they range from First Chicago, Continental's neighbor, to foreign banks whose operations would complement rather than compete with Continental's business. Examples: Barclay's of England and West Germany's Deutsche Bank. Taylor ruled out a sale to any firm outside banking.

Continental insisted all week that its soundness has never been in question, yet admitted that it faced problems of confidence. Said Taylor: "This bank is neither insolvent nor threatened with liquidation. But it was important that we move quickly. Uncertainty is one of the worst things that can happen to a staff or to customers." Added a Continental vice president: "Capital is the world's most cowardly commodity. It cuts and runs at the barest jiggle."

One cause of that skittishness has been the rising price of credit. After remaining at 11% since last summer, the U.S. prime rate has climbed to 12½% in recent weeks, its highest level in 18 months. Credit demands created by the strong growth of the economy seem likely to push rates higher. In a revised report, the Government said last week that the G.N.P. had expanded at a remarkably robust 8.8% annual clip during the first quarter.

Illustration for TIME by Michael C. Witte

The interest hikes so far have made it even tougher for troubled borrowers to repay their debts. Reason: the rates they pay generally fluctuate with the prime. Among those hardest hit by the rising interest costs have been Latin American and other developing nations, which owe a staggering $810 billion to Western lenders. To keep the borrowers from defaulting, some moneymen, including Chairman Volcker, have suggested that banks consider placing a cap on the interest on their Third World loans.

But many bankers are wary of that notion. They argue that a ceiling would encourage debtors to avoid grappling with their economic problems. Others are concerned that a cap would make the Federal Reserve less reluctant to push up U.S. interest rates. Says Citibank Senior Vice President William Rhodes: "Capping has no advantage except that it sounds easy."

The next big test for a Latin debtor will come in June, when Argentina faces $1.6 billion in payments. Only a complex bailout by the U.S. and Argentina's neighbors kept the country from missing a deadline last March and forcing the banks to cut their earnings. Before more funds can be released, however, Argentina and the International Monetary Fund must reach agreement on what promises to be a painful austerity program for that country. Predicts an American banker in Buenos Aires: "It's going to be a very close race to get together with the IMF by June 30."

Climbing U.S. borrowing costs have outraged Argentine leaders. According to President Raúl Alfonsín, the recent prime-rate increases will consume all the country's 1984 income from exports of meat, one of its major products. The higher rates "are jeopardizing Argentina's economic recovery and social peace," Alfonsín says, while threatening to "overrun our capacity to pay." In Brazil, whose $93 billion in foreign loans is the highest of any developing nation, officials have warned lenders that rising rates could force them to renounce their financial obligations. Declares Finance Minister Ernane Galvêas: "The U.S. is playing with fire."

Members of the 24-nation Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development also attacked U.S. interest costs last week. Delegates to the group's annual Paris meeting blamed the hikes mainly on the huge U.S. budget deficit. Said British Foreign Minister Geoffrey Howe: "There has long been a nagging anxiety about the incompatibility of U.S. fiscal and monetary policy. We are anxious about interest rates, and all the more so because they are rising." French Finance Minister Jacques Delors warned that the impact of higher rates on Third World debtors "could lead to a major crisis in the banking system." Treasury Secretary Donald Regan tried to calm the jitters by noting that Congress is starting to cut the deficit. Added he: "We want to make sure that in these perilous times we support our banks. The U.S. Government stands behind the banking system, and I mean it."


MARC POSZEMPHER—PICTURE GROUP

Continental Chairman David Taylor

A historic rescue and a search for a buyer.

The increased borrowing costs have also been creating turmoil in the U.S. bond market, where prices fall when interest rates rise. Dealers have lost tens of millions of dollars since January as bond values have tumbled more than 12%. Shaken investors saw that free fall continue last week.

The current banking woes are a continuation of the troubles that have rocked the industry in recent years. Beset by developments ranging from the 1981-82 recession to financial deregulation, even highly regarded lenders have been stumbling. Among them was Seattle's Seafirst National Bank, which BankAmerica acquired last year for $250 million in a major rescue mission. Other banks have been less lucky. A total of 48 went out of business in 1983, the most in 44 years; 28 more have failed so far this year.

Regulators have been pressing for mergers to keep more banks open. Last week, FDIC Chairman Isaac said he is eager to see takeovers of ailing East Coast savings banks. The list of those troubled institutions is believed to be headed by Manhattan's Bowery Savings Bank, whose financial performance has scarcely matched the baseball exploits of its public spokesman, Joe DiMaggio.

A new trend that worries some experts has been the rapidly spreading use of adjustable-rate mortgages. Such loans, which hardly existed three years ago, now account for some 60% of all lending for single-family homes. Typically made for several percentage points below prevailing mortgage rates, they begin rising after one year. The risk, say analysts, is that banks and savings and loans could be hit with a wave of defaults if borrowers prove unable to continue their payments.

These days, even candidates for the bestseller list seem to be saying discouraging things about banks. In a new book, *The Money Bazaars*, Author Martin Mayer (*The Bankers; Madison Avenue, U.S.A.*) argues that financial deregulation has doomed banks to lose the battle for Americans' dollars to nimbler rivals like Sears and Merrill Lynch. The traditional lenders will survive, says Mayer, but their power will inevitably shrink. Writes he: "This is the twilight of the banks."

Bankers themselves are naturally less gloomy. While they acknowledge their problems, many believe that conditions nevertheless are improving. Citicorp's Rhodes argues that the most dangerous phase of the Third World debt crisis ended last year when big borrowers like Mexico and Brazil avoided default. Says he: "The fact that the world didn't end with a bang has led to the suspicion that it might end with a whimper. What people fail to recognize in the heat of a crisis is that emergency treatment must be followed by a period of prolonged convalescence. That means there can be setbacks."

Experts agree that bankers are bound to weather their latest woes. Says Ralph Bryant, a Brookings Institution senior fellow: [illegible] bad time for the banking community in the past year [illegible] are not going to have a [illegible] Bryant argues that the U.S. Federal Reserve and [illegible] will [illegible] ed [illegible] Bryant [illegible] note the vast [illegible] 15,000 banks [illegible] money.

By John Greenwald

Reported by Lee Griggs/Chicago and Thomas McCarroll/New York

Total debt year-end '83 in billions of dollars		Top lending banks in billions of dollars	
Brazil	**$93.1**	Citicorp	**$4.7**
		Chase	**2.6**
		Bankamerica	**2.5**
Mexico	**$89.8**	Citicorp	**$2.9**
		Bankamerica	**2.7**
		Manufacturers Hanover	**1.9**
Argentina	**$45.3**	Manufacturers Hanover	**$1.3**
		Citicorp	**1.1**
		Chase	**.8**
Venezuela	**$35.5**	Bankamerica	**$1.6**
		Citicorp	**1.5**
		Chase	**1.2**

Sources: Morgan Guaranty Trust and Keefe, Bruyette & Woods

Opening Up the *Journal* Scandal

Charges of "fraud and deceit" hit a reporter and his friends

The plan, according to the Securities and Exchange Commission, was first discussed after work one night last October at New York City's Renaissance-style Racquet & Tennis Club on Park Avenue. It was refined a few days later at a private home and golf club in the posh community of Locust Valley on Long Island's fashionable North Shore. Present: Peter Brant, 31, the handsome, polo-playing stockbroker who was one of Kidder Peabody's top salesmen, and *Wall Street Journal* Reporter R. Foster Winans, 35, one of the writers of the *Journal's* "Heard on the Street" column, an influential potpourri of stock-market gossip, tips and analysis. Brant's proposal: that Winans reveal to him the timing, subject and tone of upcoming articles in the *Journal*, including the "Heard" column. Everyone on Wall Street knows that a positive story in "Heard on the Street" can push a company's stock up, while a negative one will frequently drive it down. Brant proposed to buy and sell stock according to what the column was going to say about a company, and split the profits. As Winans later testified, Brant said, "You let me know what's going in the paper . . . and we can make some money."

Within the week, the arrangement began to pay off. At the same time that he received $15,000 from Brant, Winans told him about a "Heard" column in the *Journal* that would be unflattering toward TIE/communications, a telephone equipment firm. Brant bought options that gave him the right to sell the firm's stock at a lower price, essentially betting that the stock price would go down. The day the article appeared, TIE/communications shares immediately fell 2⅜ points, and Brant's scheme reaped profits of $106,537.77. During the next four months, Winans told Brant on at least 24 occasions about companies that were going to appear in the *Journal*, and Brant and others made profits of more than $900,000.


BOB HARRIS

R. Foster Winans
A W.S.J. reporter for "Heard on the Street"
Charge: Leaked information; paid **$31,000** by two brokers

David W.C. Clark
Close friend of Brant
Charge: Trading account profited by **$590,000**

Peter N. Brant
Former Kidder Peabody broker
Charge: Trading account profited by **$17,000**

Kenneth P. Felis
Former Kidder Peabody broker
Charge: Trading account profited by **$302,000**

David J. Carpenter
Winan's roommate
Charge: Trading account profited by **$4,400**

Last week the SEC filed a 55-page civil complaint in New York federal court charging that Winans, Brant and three others had engaged in a scheme of "fraud and deceit" by trading on the basis of inside information not available to the public. If found guilty of the SEC charges, they will be forced to pay back the money they made, but they will not face jail sentences. A separate criminal investigation against them is being conducted, however, and that could lead to prison terms.

The SEC charges that Winans' tips on *Journal* stories led to 46 instances of insider trading in the stock of 27 companies. Also charged in the suit, which is backed up by more than 200 pages of documents, are Kenneth Felis, a college friend of Brant's and another former Kidder Peabody broker, who is said to have gained $302,000 from the trades, and David W.C. Clark, 34, a New York City lawyer and country club crony of Brant's. Clark is believed to have made $590,000.

Given his key role, Winans profited relatively modestly from the scam. Though Felis suggested that Winans might be paid $25,000 for every column that benefited the speculators, he actually received a total of only $31,000. All the checks were made payable to David J. Carpenter, a former *Journal* news clerk and Winans' roommate. Carpenter, who is also charged in the suit, is said to have made about $4,400 in trading profits.

While Winans had earlier contended that he never compromised the *Journal's* news columns by deliberately planting stories, he admitted to investigators that he twice wrote favorable columns at Brant's request on companies in which Brant and his clients held stock: Chicago Milwaukee, a railroad holding company, and Digital Switch, a telecommunications manufacturer. Said Winans, who was fired from the *Journal* after the SEC began its investigation in March: "There is much in my conduct during the last months at the *Journal* which was wrong . . . I stand in judgment of myself as having violated fundamental tenets of my profession."

Most of the SEC's version of events was, in fact, supplied by Winans and Carpenter. Brant denied to the SEC that he ever knew in advance of any of Winans' articles, and both Brant and Felis refused to cooperate with the SEC investigation.

The scheme allegedly worked out between Brant and Winans in October had at first gone smoothly. The journalist would call the broker from a pay phone near the *Journal's* newsroom in lower Manhattan to alert him to upcoming stories. For instance, on Oct. 26 Winans told Brant about a negative story that was due to appear on Commodore International, the home-computer maker. By selling the stock short, Clark made a profit of $134,671.79. Not all the trades were successful, though. When a favorable story on oil service stocks, including Schlumberger, failed to move the stock higher, Felis lost $37,914.25.

In early November, Kidder Peabody's internal surveillance system picked up the pattern of trading connected with *Journal* stories. Felis was told to

discontinue such activity, and a company lawyer warned Brant's client Clark about questions of criminal violations.

To disguise payments made to Winans for the tips, Brant and Felis wrote checks to Carpenter. Phony invoices were created to give the impression that Carpenter was being paid for interior decorating work. On Jan. 29, Carpenter deposited a $10,000 check written on Felis' account at Morgan Guaranty Trust with "drapes" written on it. Despite their careful precautions, the scheme began unraveling in February. Tipped off by the American Stock Exchange about trading irregularities, the SEC began questioning Clark and Brant. At one point, Brant showed up at Clark's law office in a "state of high emotional excitement," according to Clark. He was brandishing a thick stack of $100 bills and said he wanted to "flee the jurisdiction" by going to Brazil. Although the two visited the Brazilian consulate, the trip was never made.

On March 22, Brant and Felis met with Winans and Carpenter over dinner at Manhattan's Plaza Hotel to discuss how they would handle the SEC inquiry. Winans said Brant told him, "All we say is that . . . I was the source of yours and we talked frequently and we just guessed . . . what direction the columns were going to go in." Brant also promised to pay Carpenter $50,000 or $60,000 after selling an apartment he owned. Brant added, "When it is all over, we will go into business in Florida and will all become millionaires."

It was not to be. As part of last week's suit, the SEC was granted a temporary restraining order to freeze the assets of three of the men. Not all the profits in the case have been found, and the Government suspects that some of the money has been moved to Switzerland. While Winans was apologizing for his actions last week, Clark vigorously denied the charges. Said he: "I had no idea that any money changed hands between Mr. Brant and Mr. Winans." Clark said that $1.2 million was taken from his account at Kidder Peabody and deposited in Brant's account at Morgan Guaranty Trust without Clark's knowledge.

The case filed by the SEC goes well beyond the bounds of a usual insider trading suit, which normally prohibits employees of a corporation from profiting on nonpublic information about the company's plans. In this case, however, the SEC alleges that Winans defrauded the publishers of the *Journal* by misappropriating confidential information about the content and timing of news stories. The Government suit also maintains that Winans had a duty to disclose to readers that he had a financial interest in the securities about which he wrote.

On Wall Street it is often said that two emotions rule the market: greed and fear. In the Case of the Country Club Speculators, greed clearly got the best of fear. ***—By Alexander L. Taylor III.***

Reported by Marcia Gauger/New York and Christopher Redman/Washington

The underground vault of the Union Bank of Switzerland: safety, prestige and, above all, secrecy

Swiss Secrets Are Put to a Vote

Zurich's gnomes campaign to keep money matters private

Although there are several good reasons for opening a Swiss bank account—safety and prestige among them—one of the most important is secrecy. Any bank employee who reveals, even inadvertently, information about a client's account can be fined up to $22,000 or sent to jail for as long as six months. Switzerland's reputation for discretion is one reason it has attracted an estimated $300 billion from depositors all over the world, including Mafia dons and military dictators. This past weekend, however, residents voted on a referendum that would have taken some of the veils off their bank-secrecy laws. Despite a spirited campaign, the measure was defeated.

The referendum grew out of a scandal seven years ago involving foreign deposits. An officer at a Crédit Suisse branch in Chiasso, near the Italian border, was convicted of illegally diverting more than $800 million in customer funds into speculative investments. Most of the money had come from Italians seeking a haven from inflation and high tax rates.

The proposal would have given foreign governments more leeway in chasing those who hide their proceeds in secret accounts. Whenever tax and currency violations are suspected, authorities from other countries could obtain information about an account. Switzerland has long contended it is not obliged to help governments investigate cases involving currency transactions or tax evasion, since these are not crimes in Switzerland.

The country's Social Democratic Party led the campaign in favor of the referendum, and its leaders held debates with bank supporters on prime-time television. The Socialists also had the backing of labor unions and religious organizations. Said Tobias Bauer, who runs a Bern organization aimed at stemming the flow of capital from less developed nations to Switzerland: "The country of the Red Cross should not be a pension fund for Third World dictators."

That is a reputation that has plagued Switzerland for years. Argentina's Juan Perón, the Shah of Iran and Nicaragua's Anastasio Somoza had large Swiss accounts in the past. Among current world leaders, Zaïre's Mobutu Sese Seko is believed to have substantial holdings on deposit. Swiss banks have been a haven for foreign capital since the French Revolution. The current rules on confidentiality were set up in 1934 to protect Jews fleeing Nazi Germany.

In order to campaign against the resolution, the well-known gnomes of Zurich were forced to forgo their normally reclusive ways. At endless town and village meetings, they argued that passage would seriously threaten Switzerland's position as the world's third leading banking center, behind New York City and London, and cause economic catastrophe. Nikolaus Senn, head of the Union Bank, Switzerland's largest financial institution, maintained that foreign funds would flee the country, leading to a collapse in Swiss stock prices, a jump in interest rates and the loss of thousands of jobs.

The bankers had tried to head off the referendum by tightening their procedures over the past few years. They agreed not to encourage the deposit of funds fleeing other countries. Moreover, new customers were required to go through a thorough identification process intended to discourage unsavory characters. But the gnomes have done little to change an old German saying: "Money alone does not bring happiness. You must have it in a Swiss bank." On Sunday, it appeared that the Swiss had voted by a 70% margin to keep their accounts both happy and secret. ***—By Alexander L. Taylor III.***

Reported by Margaret Studer/Zurich

JOHN MCGRAIL

At New York Video, Store Owner Giovanni Cozzi demonstrates a giant-screen system with all the high-tech trimmings. Price: $49,900

Economy & Business

Life in the Electronic Playpen

The humble TV becomes an all-purpose entertainment machine

The Ron Sherman family in Manhattan no longer huddles reverently in front of an ordinary boob tube that sits in the corner like a Buddha. Instead, the Shermans laze back in their den and let a wave of sight and sound wash over them from a new $16,000 audio-video system that does just about everything but get up and fetch the beer and popcorn. When Advertising Executive Sherman watches a football game on the new set, the clamor of the crowd blares at him from four speakers installed around the room, and larger-than-life players scramble across an 8-ft. viewing screen.

Until recently, the most refined TVs spent their lives disguised as pieces of French provincial or early American furniture. But in much the same way the console hi-fi set was split into separate components 20 years ago and turned into the stereo sound system, the TV now comes in high-tech building blocks with vastly improved capabilities. This marks the biggest change to hit TV since color sets began replacing black-and-white ones in the early '60s. Says Lenny Mattioli, a video dealer in Madison, Wis.: "It used to be that a TV was a TV. Not any more. Now it is tied into the whole concept of the family's home entertainment center."

Consumers are putting the sets to more varied uses and demanding more from their TVs than just a reasonably clear picture of Dan Rather reading the evening news. First they began playing video games, whose fancy graphics show up best with a sharp display. Now people are showing movies on their TV with laser-disc machines and video-cassette recorders, and they want picture and sound quality at home that approaches what they can get in a movie theater.

Some 90% of U.S. households already have a color TV, but many people are retiring the old set to the guest room and getting one of the new-generation machines. Last year consumers bought an estimated 14 million color TVs, and the pace of sales jumped another 26% in the first quarter of this year. Videomania is bringing a windfall to discount retailers like Lenny Mattioli, who sell equipment for as much as 25% less than department stores or specialty shops. Mattioli's American T.V. stores have increased sales from $900,000 in 1970 to an estimated $160 million this year. Says the self-described Crazy T.V. Lenny, whose main store covers an area the size of three football fields: "Innovations in video have been phenomenal, and this makes sales boom."

Last week in Las Vegas the biggest American TV company, RCA, introduced its video products for 1985. RCA brought out a line of 54 color TVs, 18 of them equipped to provide stereo sound and 38 fitted with jumbo screens of 25 in. or more. Early next month at the Consumer Electronics Show in Chicago, 350 firms will display their video wares.

The key to the new TV is the component system. Rather than being packaged in bulky consoles, the TV comes in smaller, separate units. The typical system is made up of a monitor, the high-performance picture tube in a sleek case with dozens of jacks on the back for easy connecting with other units; a tuner that can receive up to 169 channels; a source selector for switching back and forth among such inputs as broadcast TV, a videotape recorder or an electronic game; an amplifier for boosting hi-fi sound; and two speakers. While the individual components offer better quality than a traditional TV, they often cost much more. One of Panasonic's top-of-the-line systems with a 25-in. screen goes for $1,250, in contrast to $600 for a console model of the same size.

The sizzling popularity of rock music on cable television has helped foster stereo sound, which is one of the biggest advances in TV. The audio quality of most TV sets has hardly improved since the 1950s. A typical speaker is no bigger than a baseball. But full stereo sound is already being carried on such cable networks as MTV and the Disney Channel.

In March the Federal Communications Commission decided to allow the 1,435 TV stations in the U.S. to transmit programs in stereo. The first stereo broadcasts by the networks are expected to start later this year. Manufacturers have responded by building stereo-ready TV sets, complete with woofers to produce the bass notes and tweeters for the high-pitched sounds.

To get the same wall-shaking sensations felt by theater- or concertgoers, videophiles outfit their living rooms with multiple speakers and play prerecorded video cassettes through decoding devices that create a kind of sound-in-the-round.

MARK PERLSTEIN—PICTURE GROUP

Zenith's camcorder: a camera and VCR in one

Sales of a $550 sound processor made by Arizona's Fosgate Research have taken off in the past three years. Says Fosgate Vice President Dan Harper: "It puts you right in the middle of whatever you are watching. The helicopters in *Apocalypse Now* sound as though they are landing on your head." Such sensations may put an end to the national pastime of falling asleep in front of the TV set.

The onslaught of the *Apocalypse Now* choppers is even more awesome on a big-screen projection TV. Once found mostly in bars and nightclubs, these sets now attract many homeowners because of improved picture quality and lower prices. Sales of projection TVs jumped 22% during 1983, to 143,506. One of the biggest pictures comes from the $3,800 Kloss Novabeam One-A, which has a 10-ft. diagonal roll-up screen and a projector that mounts on the ceiling. Since these large devices can take up a lot of room and sometimes have distorted pictures when viewed at an angle, many consumers prefer smaller, console versions. These models, priced at about $3,000, have translucent plastic viewing screens with the images projected from inside the set. When one Zenith model is turned on, the screen rises quietly and automatically from its cabinet, like something aboard the starship *Enterprise* in *Star Trek*.

One of the hazards of the multiplicity of new TVs is that manufacturers are dazzling customers with more gimmicks and gimcracks than an average viewer needs or can afford. One of the General Electric TVs introduced earlier this month bristles with 35 buttons. Says David Lachenbruch, editorial director of *TV Digest*: "Consumers are confused, intimidated and overwhelmed by all the blinking lights and digital readouts."

Yet many are smitten with them. Middle-class Americans are going on a video binge, particularly when it comes to VCRs. Since they came on the market in 1976, VCRs have fallen in price from $1,300 to little more than $250. Sales jumped 101% last year over 1982, to 4.1 million units, and may double again during 1984. Coupled with a popular accessory, the video camera, VCRs have also become the preferred tools of home moviemakers.

Even as televised stereo sounds begin to blast and screens grow larger, the television industry has plans for still more features. By next year, such companies as GE, Sony and Zenith will be selling so-called digital TVs. These revolutionary devices contain microcomputers that translate conventional, wavelike TV signals into visual and audio information that the viewer can fine-tune on the screen. On some models, the user will be able to zoom in on Liberace's diamond rings, for example, or freeze Pete Rose in mid-swat. Digital technology can also increase picture clarity up to 100% and would make the images on home TV as clear as those in a good 35-mm slide. ***—By Stephen Koepp. Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York, with other bureaus***

Battling over a 35-Hour Week

Germany weighs a dubious proposal to cure Europe's joblessness

For nearly a generation, many West European countries enjoyed very low unemployment. While the jobless rate in the U.S. was seldom less than 4%, the countries of the European Community and Scandinavia had just 2% to 3% unemployment. But since the first oil-price shock in 1973 all that has changed. During the '70s about 20 million new American jobs were created in high-tech fields and service industries. Yet in Europe total employment in 1983 was less than it was in 1973, and unemployment is now above 10% in several countries.

During the past few years one curative scheme after another has been put forth to create new jobs. The latest plan is to cut the work week to 35 hours in hopes of spreading scarce employment around. Communities calculated that if every European worked one hour less a week, jobs would be provided for 2.5 million people. A cut of five hours a week, they figured, would end unemployment. Now the EC commission concedes that no evidence exists for its earlier optimism, and economists at the Center for European Policy Studies say the short week is "one of the more dangerous and depressing features of the current European loss of confidence."

Nonetheless, the proposal's simplistic appeal is strong. Politicians seize upon it to attract voters, and to give the appearance of doing something about joblessness. In Holland, where the commitment to the shorter week is strongest, the government has pressed for fewer hours by a

Striking West German metalworkers in Stuttgart, where Porsches are made

Last week one of West Germany's biggest labor unions began strikes in support of a 35-hour week with no cut in pay.

I.G. Metall, the 2.6 million-member union of metalworkers, called 13,000 of its rank and file off the job in the Stuttgart area. The result was a shortage of critical parts in the important West German auto industry. By the end of the week the stoppages engulfed 69,000 more of the country's 680,000 auto workers. Sympathy strikes could touch banking, public transport, textiles, insurance companies and the postal service. Audi, the luxury-car unit of Volkswagen, could be forced to shut down in two cities this week. BMW, the Bavaria-based car and motorcycle maker, has already closed two plants. Porsche and Mercedes-Benz might also curtail production.

Attacking joblessness by cutting the work week is an idea that has been around since the 1930s. In 1981 analysts in the Commission of the European formula that would also cut pay. Yet Dutch unemployment is still 14.9%, among the highest in Europe. In 1982 the new Socialist government of Francois Mitterrand cut the French work week by an hour, to 39 hours, but it is backing off from a promise to lower it to 35.

Economists and business leaders argue that the shorter work week will result in little or no increase in the number of jobs. In part this is because more and more positions require skilled workers who are usually in demand. The only sure way to increase employment, say critics, is to increase investment. Herbert Giersch, president of the University of Kiel's Institute for World Economics, says that rationing jobs and economic planning will not cure the hardening of the arteries in the European economy that has become known as Eurosclerosis. ***—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Gertraud Lessing/Bonn and Lawrence Malkin/Paris***

Guidelines from the Supreme Court

The Justices rule on lawyer competency and other matters

During ten days in September 1976, David Leroy Washington went on a bone-chilling crime spree across Dade County, Fla., that included torture, kidnaping and three murders. After turning himself in, Washington insisted on confessing to all three murders and pleaded guilty. His lawyer, William Tunkey, opposed the guilty pleas. But then, at the special sentence hearing required in capital cases, Tunkey offered no character witnesses, introduced no expert psychiatric evidence and requested no presentence report that might have been used to mitigate the punishment. Washington was condemned to death, and later appealed, arguing that his

Defense Counsel Tunkey; inset, Washington

More bad news for death row.

Sixth Amendment right to competent legal counsel had been violated.

The U.S. Supreme Court has never established a specific test that defines the constitutional right to effective legal representation in criminal cases. But last week the court finally set forth its guiding principles and swept away a variety of state and lower federal court standards that had grown up in the absence of a firm ruling from the high bench. The landmark that David Washington helped establish, however, did not save him. His death sentence stands.

Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, writing for an 8-to-1 majority, formulated a simple, two-pronged system for establishing incompetency claims. First, the court ruled, the criminal defendant must prove that his lawyer's performance is so shoddy that it falls below "prevailing professional norms." Second, said O'Connor, "the defendant must show that there is a reasonable probability that, but for counsel's unprofessional errors, the result of the proceeding would have been different." In the Washington case, the court found that neither of the new standards was violated. Attorney Tunkey's performance had not been inept, O'Connor wrote; he had deliberately chosen not to use psychiatric evidence and a presentence report, for fear that they would hurt rather than help his client's plea for mercy. Furthermore, O'Connor noted, the aggravating circumstances of Washington's crimes were so "overwhelming" that the omitted evidence might not have saved him from death row.

Critics of the decision, including dissenting Justice Thurgood Marshall, favored a more detailed and demanding set of requirements. University of Southern California Law Professor William Genego, who heads an American Bar Association lawyer-competency committee, thinks that the court is letting "defendants pay for the mistakes their lawyers make." His committee will suggest some stiffer, nonbinding guidelines for attorneys at least to consider. Law Professor Gary Goodpaster of the University of California at Davis worries about applying the new rules to the two stages of death-penalty cases. "Many attorneys are capable of attacking the state's case at the guilt phase," he says, "but they're incapable of presenting an affirmative case for life at the sentencing phase." They often have neither the temperament nor the resources for such a task, and in his view many attorneys who fail to dig deeply enough will not be caught by the court's new test.

Reaction to the high court ruling among anti-death-penalty activists was subdued. Lawyer incompetency is a common claim made by death-row inmates, notes Steven Winter of the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund. But while he considers many of the claims justified, "very few of those win, and I don't think the Washington case is going to change the percentage, up or down."

The court took a number of other noteworthy actions last week:

Judges Can Be Sued Too. While it is often said that no one in the U.S. is above the law, judges have long been immune from harassing damage suits by those who believe they have been wronged in court. The U.S. Supreme Court, however, ha now ruled that even judges can sometime be sued. While the court reaffirmed th ancient English common law doctrine o judicial immunity from damage suits, i held that a citizen may seek an injunctio in federal court to order a state judge t stop violating civil rights. It also rule that state judges are not immune from 1976 law that forces the losers in such ac tions to pay legal fees to the winner.

The case involved Gladys Pulliam, Virginia magistrate who ordered two me held in jail because they could not mak bail, even though they were charged wit minor offenses that carried no jail terms The two men got a federal injunction for bidding such jailing by Pulliam in the fu ture, and a later order assessing the judg more than $7,000 for their legal fees. Th four dissenters, led by Justice Lewis Pow ell, feared that judicial independenc would now be eroded by "the ever presen threat of burdensome litigation." But Jus tice Harry Blackmun, writing for the ma jority, could find no historical basis fo blocking injunctions against judges.

Beauty and Free Speech. It is a time honored way to run a local political cam paign: paste pictures of your candidate o anything that does not move. But in 1979 when a group called Taxpayers for Vin cent stapled City Council Candidate Ro land Vincent's posters on utility poles, Lo Angeles workers tore them down. The were enforcing a city ordinance forbiddin the posting of signs on public property Taxpayers for Vincent sued, saying thei right to free speech had been abridged. Th Supreme Court ruled, 6 to 3, that it had no been. The court found that the ordinanc was narrowly tailored to meet Los Ange les' legitimate and significant goal of pro tecting the city's aesthetics. The Firs Amendment was not violated, because th ban applied equally t everyone and Vin cent's backers coul have advertised thei candidate's virtue elsewhere and in oth er ways. To a disap pointed Vincent, wh lost the election a well as the decision the court's belief i the ban's equal im pact seemed to con sider rich and poo alike. Said he: "Th city council campaign costs a quarter of a million dollars if it costs a dime. People who don't have that kind of money resor to signs."

Vincent in 1980

A Drunk's Castle. Edward Welsh wa already in bed when the police cam pounding on his door in Madison, Wis They had been alerted by a motorist wh saw him driving erratically. The officers who had no warrant, were admitted t Welsh's home by his stepdaughter. They

6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84.

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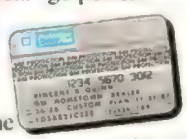
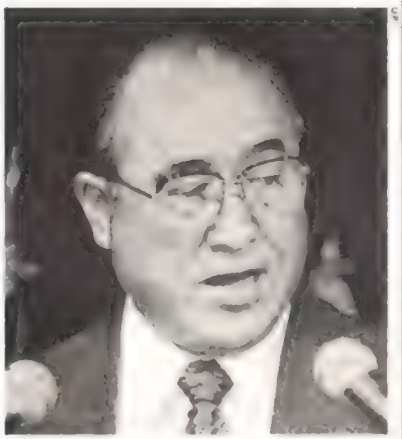


*In California, service contracts purchased at the time of vehicle sale can only be financed on a vehicle installment sales contract.

**Transportation benefits and services provided through United States Auto Club Motoring Division, Inc.

went to his bedroom and arrested him for drunk driving. In Wisconsin, a first drunk-driving conviction is a civil offense that carries no jail sentence. Welsh appealed the legality of his arrest all the way to the Supreme Court. He was vindicated when the Justices ruled, 6 to 3, that police without a warrant can almost never arrest a person in his home for a minor offense. Though he concurred in the decision, Justice Blackmun observed that he thought it "amazing" that the "great state" of Wisconsin had failed to make a first drunk-driving offense a crime. Ironically, if it had been a more serious offense the Justices might have upheld the right of police to intrude on the home's sanctity because of the probability that important evidence, the suspect's level of inebriation, could have disappeared by the time a warrant was issued.

Jailing Moon in June? When the Rev. Sun Myung Moon was convicted of filing false income tax returns in 1982, he was among the most criticized and reviled religious leaders in America. Nonetheless, a variety of national religious



Moon: the ecumenical bandwagon did not help

groups, ranging from liberal Protestant to fundamentalist, joined in to give moral support to his defense. Reason: they maintained that the Government had no right to interfere in the internal financial operations of Moon's church, which sanctioned his practice of holding in his own name $1.7 million, among other church assets, and using some of the money for personal purposes. The jury was convinced that Moon was illegally dodging the IRS. Despite the leader's ecumenical bandwagon of support, the court rejected his petition for a hearing. Moon's lawyers, led by Harvard Professor Laurence Tribe, say they will now go back to the trial court to make new arguments that the Government improperly sought to persecute him. Unless Tribe succeeds, Moon will enter a federal prison next month to serve his 18-month sentence. Unification Church officials say he has already accepted the likelihood and has ordered his 40,000 American followers to "carry on" without him. *—By Michael S. Serrill.*

Reported by Alain L. Sanders/New York

Milestones

ARRESTED. David Dorr, 30, and **Peter Marchant,** 24, former bellhops at the Brazilian Court Hotel in Palm Beach, Fla.; for conspiracy to sell cocaine and for selling the drug to the late David Kennedy; in Barnstable, Mass., and Warwick, R.I. Dorr, a Cape Cod resident, and Marchant, a Rhode Island native, face a maximum penalty of 20 years imprisonment and a $15,000 fine for both charges. On the day of the arrest, Palm Beach officials announced that Kennedy, 28, son of the late Senator Robert Kennedy, had died after "multiple ingestion of cocaine, Demerol and a prescription sedative called Mellaril." Under Florida law, the accused coke dealers could also face a felony murder charge, though that is unlikely because of the difficulty of proving that the coke they allegedly sold was the same drug found in Kennedy's body.

DIED. Andy Kaufman, 35, quirky comedian who antagonized as many audiences as he delighted with his bizarre brand of humor; of lung cancer (although he was never a smoker); in Los Angeles. From 1978 to 1983, Kaufman played the childlike mechanic Latka Gravas on television's *Taxi*, but he was more celebrated for his stand-up acts and concert appearances in which he wrestled women, impersonated Elvis Presley and sleazy nightclub crooners, and sang the tedious camp song *One Hundred Bottles of Beer on the Wall* almost all the way through. He seemed to relish putting audiences on, and off balance, making them wonder if he was joking at all, as in his shoving match with a TV producer and actors on a live broadcast of ABC's *Friday's* in 1981. "I just want real reactions," said Kaufman in explaining his comedy. "I want people to laugh from the gut, be sad from the gut—or get angry from the gut."

DIED. Michael Demarest, 59, versatile TIME senior writer; of a heart attack; in New Orleans, where he was completing an assignment on the World's Fair (*see* LIVING). A U.S. Cavalry officer's son who was reared in England, Demarest joined TIME as an Atlanta correspondent in 1954 and went on to serve as editor of the Nation section from 1965 to 1969. After a stint as executive editor of *Playboy* (1970-74), Demarest returned to TIME, where he wrote Living and contributed to several other sections of the magazine. Over the years he wrote about subjects as diverse as military history, urban planning, gardening and gourmet food, always bringing wit, intellectual rigor and urbanity to his work.

DIED. Irwin Shaw, 71, popular, prolific American writer whose lean, straightforward prose style and masterly sense of storytelling won wide audiences for such novels as *The Young Lions* (1948) and *Rich Man, Poor Man* (1970), but who will be remembered critically for his short stories of the 1930s and '40s; of a heart attack; in Davos, Switzerland. Born in Brooklyn, Shaw first won acclaim for his antiwar play *Bury the Dead* in 1936. He attracted a wide following with his short stories in *The New Yorker*, particularly his exquisite evocation of a young man's obsession, *The Girls in Their Summer Dresses* (1939). Renowned in writers' circles for his generosity to young authors, Shaw took his financial success lightly (his novels were often turned into movies or TV mini-series). He took his craft seriously, however, saying, "I sweat over every word, but I'm glad it doesn't show."

DIED. Francis Schaeffer, 72, Christian theologian and a leading scholar of evangelical Protestantism; of cancer; in Rochester, Minn. Schaeffer, a Philadelphia-born Presbyterian, and his wife in 1955 founded L'Abri (French for "the shelter"), a chalet in the Swiss Alps known among students and intellectuals for a reasoned rather than emotional approach to religious counseling. His 23 philosophical books include the bestseller *How Should We Then Live?* (1976).

DIED. John Betjeman, 77, poet laureate of Britain whose whimsical light verse and nostalgic odes to genteel Edwardian England won him uncommon popular success; in Trebetherick, Cornwall. The son of a prosperous businessman, Betjeman flunked out of Oxford and worked in a variety of jobs, from journalist to insurance salesman, before his *Selected Poems* (1948) won the prestigious Heinemann Award. Critics were divided on Betjeman's poetry; many found it trivial or derivative, perhaps because of its simple musical rhymes and accessible themes. An astute architectural critic, he waged passionate campaigns to preserve England's historical treasures and opposed the spread of urban development. In 1972, Queen Elizabeth named Betjeman poet laureate, a title once held by Tennyson and Wordsworth, but ill health curtailed his productivity over the past decade. One of his last collections, *A Nip in the Air*, concluded with a poignant epitaph: "Now if the harvest is over/ And the world cold/ Give me the bonus of laughter/ As I lose hold."

DIED. Walter Rauff, 77, one of the most infamous fugitive Nazi war criminals, who designed the "Black Raven" mobile gas-chamber vans that were used to exterminate perhaps 250,000 East Europeans, most of them Jews, in 1941-42; of lung cancer; in Santiago, Chile. A colonel in the SS, Rauff fled Europe after World War II and settled in 1958 in Chile where he lived in relative obscurity and comfort. Since 1963, Chile has rejected appeals from Israel, France and West Germany for Rauff's extradition to face murder charges.

How an idea in yesterday's funny papers can become tomorrow's front page headlines.

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People

Thriller on the job and on the town: with the President and Nancy Reagan in Washington; backstage with MacLaine in New York

It may have been a bout of natural shyness, but more likely it was the billows of lofty praise that kept the **Princess of Wales** blushingly silent in Glasgow last week. Diana was there to accept an honorary fellowship from the city's Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. "For five centuries the perceptive heads of the Spencer family have married women of surpassing beauty, and the daughters they begat relegated Cleopatra to eclipse," gushed Professor Stanley Alstead during his presentation speech. After the ceremony, an admiring young Glaswegian, appropriately named Edward Romeo, begged permission to "kiss your hand, Ma'am." His passion released, he murmured glassy-eyed, "She *is* more beautiful than Cleopatra."

Diana: Cleopatra on the Thames?

He may be the world's most famous entertainer, but **Michael Jackson,** 25, is hardly the outgoing type. Nevertheless, the usually reclusive superstar had a downright gregarious week as he slipped into New York City, where he recorded a duet called *State of Shock* with Rolling Stone **Mick Jagger,** 40, for a new album expected out next month. During his stay in the Big Apple he showed up backstage after taking in **Shirley MacLaine's** Broadway hit. Then it was off to Washington, where he checked into the Four Seasons Hotel virtually unnoticed, until he asked the management to install a 6-ft. by 8-ft. parquet dance floor in his fourth-floor suite. Jackson appeared next at the White House, to be lauded by the **President** and **Nancy Reagan** for allowing his song *Beat It* to be used in a Government anti–drunk-driving ad campaign. Resplendent in his glittery white glove and electric blue Sgt. Pepper jacket, Jackson looked more like a visiting head of state than a singer. During a White House tour, the pop idol was intrigued by a portrait of Andrew Jackson, whose military jacket was vaguely similar to his own. Later Jackson agreed to meet a few presidential staffers and their children, but fled to the men's room when he saw a waiting throng of 75 starstruck adults. The grownups were politely asked to beat it, and Jackson emerged to meet his young fans—a few at a time.

The public eye first blinked at him in 1978 when he opened his raincoat in front of a statue in downtown Portland, Ore. A resulting poster, *Expose Yourself to Art*, sold more than 250,000 copies worldwide and made Bar Owner **J.E.** ("Bud") **Clark,** 52, something of a local celebrity. When the bearded, self-proclaimed agnostic announced he was running for mayor this year, everyone was again amused. He campaigned diligently, however, and Incumbent Frank Ivancie worriedly began calling him "a born-again pagan." The vitriol backfired, and Clark astonished the disbelievers by stomping Ivancie and three other candidates with 55% of the vote. "I believe it," said the new mayor, who then went off on a four-day fishing trip.

Clark: laughing last

They have left an indelible imprint on the film industry, but **George Lucas,** 40, and **Steven Spielberg,** 36, who together or separately have made six of the ten top-grossing movies of all time, were at Mann's Chinese Theater in Hollywood last week to make a much more modest impression. As music from their latest collaboration, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, blared from loudspeakers, Lucas and Spielberg plopped their hands and sneakered feet in wet cement. "We had snakes in the last [Indiana Jones] picture," quipped a reticent Lucas. "We have bugs in this picture. But probably the greatest fear man has is of public speaking, and I think I'm evidence of that." Spielberg may be better evidence. He said even less.

Spielberg and Lucas cemented

—By Guy D. Garcia

Playing Hardball on Admissions

Colleges adopt aggressive marketing to draw good students

Harry Chomsky would have been a good catch for any college. A top student at Lexington High School in Massachusetts, especially in mathematics and science, he scored a perfect 800 on the math portion of his Scholastic Aptitude Test. As the son of M.I.T. Linguistics Scholar Noam Chomsky, he could boast an impressive intellectual background. Swarthmore, one of the handful of colleges to which he applied, wrote to him periodically, pointing out the advantages of a small school. When Yale accepted him, the math department sent a congratulatory letter touting the university's program. Harvard had invited him to a special two-day reception in February, at which he got an extensive tour of the science facilities from top professors. In the end, Chomsky chose Harvard.

Thousands of academically promising high school seniors have received similar wooing, much of it more aggressive than the polite blandishments used by Swarthmore and the Ivy League colleges. Reason: the baby-boom generation has graduated. The number of 18-year-olds in the U.S. declined by 6% this year, and will go down another 20% in the next ten years. Although applications were up this year, admissions officers concede that many high school seniors were merely shopping around at more places. Says Scott Healy, admissions director at Southern Methodist University in Dallas: "It's really fierce out there. This is the hardest we've ever had to work to get a high-caliber freshman class."

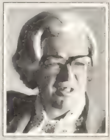
For colleges and universities, sophisticated marketing strategies are becoming the key to survival and prosperity. A number of institutions have commissioned marketing surveys by outside consultants to find their strongest selling points. Once they pinpoint their strengths, colleges are using everything from videotapes to toll-free 800 numbers to capture the attention of prospective students. Alumni have been out stumping for recruits, then manning phone banks to congratulate newly accepted ones. The University of Southern California held receptions in nine U.S. cities during April to lure candidates who had been accepted. Before each occasion, top student prospects (those with a minimum 3.7 grade-point average and 1200 combined SAT score) were invited to more intimate brunches or dinners. While the receptions stressed academics, school officers were usually available to make deals on aid or assign housing; sometimes an Olympic athlete was on hand to talk sports. Perhaps partly as a result, applicants for U.S.C.'s freshman class are up substantially over last year's, and as of last week the number of accepted applicants making a commitment to enroll was running slightly higher.

Financial inducements are more and

Ho, Ho, Ho at Chicago

For nearly a century, the University of Chicago has been known as a citadel of graduate education, a great research university, a "teacher of teachers." Its reputation has been as austere as its core curriculum. Undergraduates, traditionally a minority on campus, have earned a reputation as eggheads, grinds and worse. An edition of *The Insider's Guide to the Colleges* once observed that "studying is the U. of C. student's favorite pastime." Admits Chicago's president, Hanna Holborn Gray: "There was a perception that life here was—I won't say gray, that's hard for me—but beige."

No more. Gray and her colleagues have set about the difficult task of image changing. Because of the decline in the number of students entering Ph.D. programs, the University of Chicago is putting more emphasis on undergraduates. In 1972 there were only 2,000; this year, 2,950. Given the declining number of 18-year-olds and Chicago's annual cost of $13,000, it seems a daring goal. The school may be rethinking, but it is clearly not retrenching. The strategy: a more youthful, lively appearance. For the first time, the cover of the catalogue is in full color this year, showing the campus in golden autumn splendor. Five years ago, the inside pages were filled with shots of classrooms and labs, with perhaps a Nobel laureate or two. This year there are smiling students clowning, dancing and embracing. Says Admissions Dean Dan Hall: "We are going for a bit broader student." The result: an estimated freshman class next fall of 800, compared with 770 this year.



President Gray

The incoming students will encounter a strange new concept on campus: fun. The fieldhouse has been refurbished. Student theater and music groups are flourishing. A winter carnival is now established as an annual event. Called Kuviasungnerk, an Eskimo word for happiness, the festival this year included a pajama brunch and a three-mile walk to a landmark spot along the Lake Michigan shore known as "the Point." Two weeks ago, the deans inaugurated a student-faculty contest day, featuring softball games at which President Gray threw out the first ball.

The antics may seem comical to anyone who remembers a sketch by the Second City acting company that portrayed a U. of C. football player confusing left guard with Kierkegaard. Maybe that is the intention. Insists Herman Sinaiko, dean of students: "I want happy students. If they're sitting around worrying, they can't read Dostoyevsky the way they should." The students seem to be getting into the spirit of things. HO, HO, reads a T shirt being sold by a group of undergraduates. THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO IS FUNNIER THAN YOU THINK.

more common. Ohio's Antioch College, recognizing that students now try to cut costs by attending college closer to home, is offering a $1,000 tuition rebate to any Ohio resident who qualifies for admission this year. Nearly 60% of colleges and universities today give financial aid to top students without regard to need. Southern Methodist University offers four years of free tuition (value: $30,000) to students who meet a series of criteria, including SAT scores of 1320 or higher. Trinity University in San Antonio offers as much as $20,000 over four years to National Merit scholars. Trinity attracted ten finalists in 1981, had 54 in 1983, and as of last week had promises from 124 out of a class of 600 for next fall. Is Trinity buying students? Says Admissions Dean Rudolph Gaedke: "We play hardball, but so does everyone else."

That applies to the students as well. Lisa Yen, 19, a senior in Indianapolis last year, had her choice of Yale, Princeton, Indiana University and DePauw. Says she: "I really wanted to go to Yale, but DePauw gave me a big scholarship to enter their management fellows program." The program, which combines liberal arts with a semester-long paid internship at a FORTUNE 500 company, is one reason that DePauw's applications have gone up 30% in the past six years. At Tufts University, Admissions Dean Michael Behnke occasionally gets a call from a prospective student confessing that another college has offered a better package. Says Behnke: "Sometimes the student will be asked to send in copies of the financial arrangement offered by the competing college so Tufts can study it and meet the competition." Smaller schools that cannot afford to give many merit scholarships tend to lose out in such contests. Says President Patsy Sampson of Stephens College, a Missouri women's school with an enrollment of 1,100: "Many times we recruit outstanding students who have no financial need, but another college will offer them a substantial scholarship and literally buy them away from us."

The new hard sell disturbs many administrators. The National Association of College Admissions Counselors has put together an ethics board to review college recruiting. Says Dan Saracino, a N.A.C.A.C. officer: "People are complaining that their colleagues are coming across like used-car salesmen. If we don't look into this, a Ralph Nader group will." Some educators believe that the growing student practice of "double booking" (paying deposits at more than one school) should be looked into as well. The practice forces colleges to play waiting-list roulette over the summer, not knowing until fall how many of their students will actually show up. To deal with the problem, some institutions have begun to trade lists of matriculants. Students who have double booked may soon be receiving a less welcome kind of attention from their prospective schools. ***—By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Bill Blanning/Boston and J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago, with other bureaus***

SCHUHMANN—COURIER-JOURNAL/JPI

The equine odd couple: Kelly nuzzles her newborn after a history-making delivery

Science

Horse of a Different Stripe

Or, what is that baby zebra doing inside my stall?

In Kentucky, the sight of a horse giving birth is nearly as common as bluegrass. But last week when a 26-year-old mare named Kelly rolled over to foal on the clean straw of her specially lit, rubber-padded stall at a farm outside Louisville, the two attending veterinarians monitored the birth with more than customary anticipation. Reason: the newborn animal that later staggered uncertainly to its feet was a zebra.

The colt is the result of the first successful embryo transfer between two different equine species. A year ago, Veterinarian William R. Foster, who is assistant director of the Louisville Zoo, and Veterinarian Scott D. Bennett of Simpsonville, Ky., synchronized Kelly's reproductive cycle with that of a pregnant Grant's zebra residing at the zoo. Flushing out a ten-day-old embryo from the zebra's uterus with a sterile solution, the two vets implanted it in the womb of the quarter horse. Safely lodged, the embryo gestated for 366 days, slightly longer than the average term for either species.

Foster and Bennett believe that similar feats of embryo transfer will enable the zoo to breed rare equine animals with rapidity. Says Foster: "A zebra's pregnancy normally lasts eleven months. If the embryo is flushed, the female zebra cycles again and can reproduce once more. If we use surrogate recipients, one such zebra can reproduce as many as ten offspring yearly."

Foster deliberately selected an unendangered Grant's zebra (pop. more than 300,000) for his initial experiment. With the newborn's safe arrival last week, however, the scientists will attempt to repeat the experiment with embryos of such rare types of zebras as Grevy's (pop. 15,000), Hartmann's mountain (7,000) and Cape mountain (200).

The cross-species delivery was the third of its kind. Three years ago at New York City's Bronx Zoo, Flossie, a Holstein dairy cow, gave birth to a gaur (rhymes with tower), a rare type of wild ox that inhabits the forests of South Asia. In 1977 two wild Sardinian sheep were born to a domestic sheep at Utah State University.

Embryo transfer among members of the same species is not a zoological novelty. First accomplished in 1890 with rabbits, the technique has since succeeded in hundreds of different mammalian species, including humans.*

In the increasingly competitive U.S. cattle industry, top-pedigreed cows are regularly injected with hormones that cause multiple ovulation. The embryos are then fertilized artificially and relocated in the uterus of a host mother. Thousands of hybrid calves have been delivered since the process was first used in the early 1970s.

Veterinarian Foster hopes that last week's successful birth will presage a more secure future for the world's endangered wildlife. Says he: "This procedure could save whole species from extinction." ***—By Jamie Murphy. Reported by Henry Mayer/Louisville***

*The first human to be born as the result of embryo transference was delivered last January to a woman in Los Angeles whose name has been withheld to protect her privacy. The baby boy was reported to be healthy.

Adventures in the Skin Trade

Illicit traffic in wild animals and wildlife products is booming

In Singapore, government agents recently raided a farmhouse and seized 200 exotic birds, among them grand eclectus parrots, a Melanesian rarity in great demand by collectors. The entire collection of exotic specimens, worth $124,000, was being smuggled from Indonesia to Australia, the U.S. and Europe. In the U.S., a "sting" set up by the Fish and Wildlife Service, an enforcement agency of the Department of the Interior, uncovered a huge, Atlanta-based black market in turtles, lizards, poisonous snakes and migratory birds. From the tiny African nation of Burundi, which has a known elephant population of one, hundreds of tons of ivory are shipped each year. The tusks, say conservationists, have probably been smuggled in from Tanzania, Rwanda or Zaïre, where virtually all ivory export is forbidden.

Despite more than a decade of get-tough policies by half the nations of the earth, illegal trafficking in wild animals and wildlife products is flourishing. According to experts at the World Wildlife Fund, the annual global trade of live animals, ivory, and skin-covered objects such as shoes and handbags runs between $2 billion and $5 billion. The fund contends that up to a third of these items are of illegal origin. Illicit trading has reached such alarming proportions that this week in Washington the fund's international president, Prince Philip of Britain, is announcing a vigorous new campaign to save endangered wildlife. The operation, endorsed by the U.S. Justice and Interior departments, will call upon industrialized and affluent countries to step up their efforts to police unlawful imports.

The task is formidable: smuggling ploys are varied and ingenious. U.S. Customs officials have found live Mexican wild parrots hidden inside hollow watermelons and one rare bird taped to a woman's thigh. In Blaine, Wash., U.S. officers arrested two travelers who had crossed the Canadian border with four gyrfalcons concealed in the wheel well of their car trunk. To make matters even more complex, drug smugglers have entered the wildlife export game. Officials are investigating one report that a cargo of 80 parrots sent from Bolivia to The Netherlands included up to two dozen dead birds that were stuffed with cocaine. One group of South American narcotics dealers is believed to have coated outgoing crocodile skins with pure cocaine. The smugglers assured port inspectors that the powder was a preservative, then later removed the coke with a vacuum cleaner.

Threatened animals are protected by the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora, known as the CITES treaty. The pact, which took effect in 1975, has 87 signatories. The U.S. has two additional umbrellas: the Endangered Species Act of 1973, which bars the import of animals or plants on an "endangered" or "threatened" list, and the 1900 Lacey Act, which forbids the entry of plants or animals taken illegally out of another country.

Conservationists say that the laws are adequate but enforcement is poor. The U.S.'s 6,400 Customs agents, who try to prevent drug trafficking, currency violations and the export of high technology to the Soviet Union, have assigned low priority to the wildlife trade. Jokes a former Justice Department attorney: "They don't do much unless a tire with a grand eclectus in it falls in their laps." Regulation is often left to the Fish and Wildlife Service, which has 35 inspectors. This is an insufficient number even for spot checks on wildlife imports, which last year included 123 million tropical fish, 5 million other live animals, 8 million finished leather products and 12 million furs and reptile skins.

To make the job more manageable, the FWS has designated nine U.S. cities as official entry ports for wildlife. Freebooting traders, however, simply bypass them. For example, raw coral, used for jewelry and fish-tank décor, is barred from export by the Philippines. Yet in 1983, 540,000 lbs. of coral entered the U.S.

Wildlife traffickers often launder items: if a country bans the export of a species, smugglers spirit animals into a nearby nation that permits their export. An official of an accommodating government can be bribed to list his country as the origin of items. Says Paul Gertler, a biologist with the federal wildlife permit office: "Inspectors at ports of entry are put in the position where they have to take the word of another government."

As an example, conservationists cite Bolivia, which has an estimated 500 hyacinth macaws. In 1980-81 Bolivia exported 800 of the birds, each worth up to $5,000; wildlife experts believe that most were caught in Brazil. Sudan, which has fewer than 100 white rhinos, exports scores of horns annually. Prized as an aphrodisiac in the Orient, horns fetch $250 per lb.

The seemingly legitimate documents shielding these shipments make the illegal trade difficult to detect. But the World Wildlife Fund has recently helped the U.S. Government computerize international export-import records and has begun matching them with census counts of endangered species. Stopping the illegal trade in the future may depend not only on catching poachers in the act but on following the document trail they leave behind. Says the fund's Linda McMahan: "It's not just a cloak-and-dagger operation any more. It's becoming a complex paper chase." —*By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Jay Branegan/Washington*

Poachers' prizes in the flourishing black market, left to right: white rhino horn, exotic hyacinth macaw and grand eclectus

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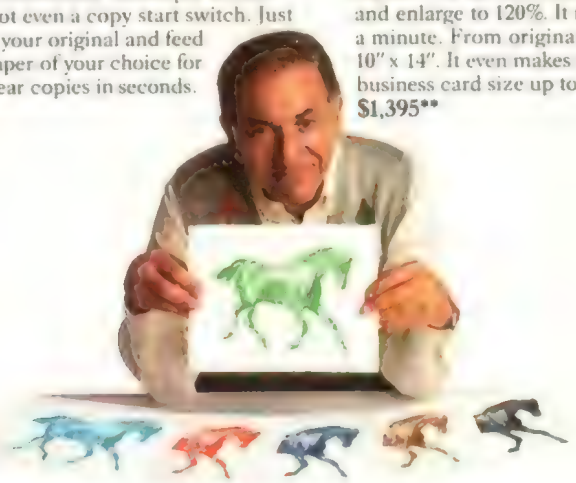

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A Dickens from Detroit

For Mystery Writer Elmore Leonard crime pays and plays

For 20 years, he has watched the creators of Lew Archer and Travis McGee pick up all the applause and critical esteem. No longer. At 58, after 24 novels in 32 years, Elmore Leonard has finally won it all: money, raves and, this month, an Edgar—the Mystery Writers of America version of the Oscar. No more is he the hard-cover talent with the paperback rep. His most recent books have been phenomenal sellers, four major publishers are reissuing 14 of his works, and Avon has just paid $363,000 for paperback rights to his latest, *La Brava*. The film of his 1983 novel *Stick*, starring Burt Reynolds and Candice Bergen with David Reynoso, will be released in August.

The lateness of the awards is understandable. After all, Leonard has never featured blue-jawed heroes, hair-trigger comebacks and estrous groupies. Instead he has specialized in strangely principled con men, jailbirds and hustlers who need to score a few bucks or a few points without committing Murder One in the process. The label "glamorous" adheres to none of them.

Detroit Policeman Raymond Cruz of *City Primeval* (1980), for instance, is mistaken for a high school shop teacher by a girl he tries to pick up in a bar. Ernest Stickley Jr. is a dour Oklahoma hick who, in *Swag* (1976), conducts a doomed 100-day armed-robbery career. Resurfacing in *Stick*, seven years and a prison stretch later, he has scarcely improved; he worships Actor Warren Oates and thinks disco is dynamite. But, like all of Leonard's main men, deep down he is as incorrodable as a zinc bar and as heady as the stuff on top of it.

Although the author is a master of the unexpected, violence is not his specialty. Leonard's principal virtues are a Panasonic ear and an infallible sense of character. His narrative tone is that of the man across the airplane aisle who has a good story to tell, if only he could trust you. Grammar is irrelevant; sentences seem to have been delivered, not written: "At approximately 1:30 a.m. he saw the Silver Mark VI traveling south on John R at a high rate of speed with a black Buick like nailed to its tail." His humor is stag: "When the girls would say do-it-to-me, do-it-to-me, he would think, What do you think I'm doing?" or Vegas: "Listen, when I was a kid, the neighborhood I grew up in? It was so dirty I'd sit out in the sun for two hours and get a nice stain." But it is terse, credible and consistent with the speakers, odious or otherwise.

Leonard's world splashes across a crowded Dickensian canvas where social strata collide, and the gravedigger waits by the charnel house. In this underworld, usually located in downtown Detroit or Miami's coke country, thugs and push are unappealing, malignant—and stantly recognizable. All one needs know of Hit Man Eddie Moke in *St* for instance, is that he changed his im from heavy metal to urban cowboy still looked "like he mainlined cemer Paco Boza, a Cuban street junkie of *Brava*, tools around South Miami Bea in a stolen Eastern Airlines wheelch "because he didn't like to walk and cause he thought it was cool." Corr Lewis, a black ex-con houseman fo high roller in *Stick*, explains his be "What the man likes is to rub up agai danger without getting any him. Make him feel like macho man ... See, he there at the club with his r friends? Say, oh yeah, I right in the cage with 'e They don't hurt me none."

Burt Reynolds as Stick and his ex-con buddy Luis (David Reynoso)

Pursuing his prototyp the author has gone into same cage, hanging arou ethnic and inner-city ba courtrooms and squad roo These days, however, he content to stay at a 200-ye old writing table in the la and comfortable study of Birmingham, Mich., home miles and financial light-ye from the Detroit streets portrays. Even so, the m who made close to $1 mill last year from film deals a literary rights has not let s cess alter his owlish image. others compose on word processo Leonard still writes in longhand and vises on a reconditioned portable. "P ple tell me I can afford a Mercedes, bu don't want one," he insists. He has no sire to move to New York or Beve Hills: "I'd be calling up producers or ta ing away my books."

Elmore Leonard checks out the streets

A Panasonic ear and stolen wheelchairs.

Leonard began by writing Apach and-cavalry stories for pulps like *Di Western* while working in an advertisi agency: "I'd get up early, write, then crank out zingy copy for Chevro trucks." By 1967 he had sold his no *Hombre* to Hollywood and was liberat from office routine. One divorce, five ch dren and 20 novels later, he arrived at pared-down adrenal style. By now, feels, he deserves the signed photogra of Hemingway that decorates his stu Says he: "I learned to write from *Whom the Bell Tolls.*" But, he conced "my attitude's different. I see humor erywhere. The fact is, I'm probably cl er to Richard Pryor." The accuracy his work comes from dogged researc *Glitz*, the novel in progress, is set in A lantic City. Before he went there hi self, Leonard's assistant, Detroit Fi Writer Gregg Sutter, had collected terviews with dealers and policem and delivered 180 sequential pho

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graphs of the entire town. The American speech that lends authenticity to every page comes from every source: "I'll be watching a prison documentary on TV and some guy will say, 'Right from Jump Street I ran a number on 'em, man.' That goes into the novel."

Leonard seldom reads crime fiction, preferring short-story writers like Raymond Carver and Bobbie Ann Mason. Now that his children are grown, he and his second wife Joan live a regulated life. He generally writes from 9:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. without a lunch break. He will finish *Glitz* in a month, and is already "casting" the next one. Says the hottest thriller writer in the U.S.: "I just like to be left alone and write my stories. Why should I change what I do?" No reason in the world, say his 3 million readers. —*By J.D. Reed*

Magic Mountain

THE RETREAT
by Aharon Appelfeld
Translated by Dalya Bilu
Dutton; 164 pages; $12.95

In Austria toward the end of the 1930s, Jewishness is a defect; there can be no denying such a truth. But life itself is far from perfect, and there is no reason to despair because of that. Perhaps the fault is correctable, a matter of inflamed nerves, bad habits, insufficient exercise. A few months in clean mountain air should help. Early bedtime, rise at dawn. Plain food. Hard work. Early morning runs. Reform is possible. Anything is possible.

The savior in whom this earnest vision burns is a prosperous Jewish horse trader named Balaban. He buys an old mountaintop hotel, formerly a monastery, near Vienna and issues a prospectus promising horseback riding, swimming, and the painless eradication of embarrassing gestures and ugly accents. And soon the place is filled with aging Jews of both sexes who have become burdens to their assimilated children.

DAVID HUBINGER

Aharon Appelfeld
Tainted habits can be unlearned.

For a year or so everything works as planned, and although some visitors cannot endure the strict regime, others are indeed returned to their homes much strengthened and freed of such Jewish characteristics as smoking, card playing and endless, idle conversation. But Balaban himself, strong and idealistic as he is, weakens under the strain of supporting the project psychologically and financially. He allows himself to be drawn into the eternal argumentation, coffee drinking and poker games. Revealing gestures that he rooted out of his nervous system as a young man begin to reappear. He puts on weight. From time to time he descends to the village, gets drunk, and returns muttering that Jews are liars, cheats and moneygrubbers. But despite this Gentile blustering, the fact is that he has become one of the weakest and most Jewish of the retreat's inmates.

What Israeli Novelist Aharon Appelfeld relates in this brief, matter-of-fact story, more parable than novel, is the dissolution of life at the imagined spa. In volume after volume the author has been obsessed with the time of clouded horror just before the Holocaust. Two previous novels, *Badenheim 1939* and *The Age of Wonders*, take place in prewar Austria. *Tzili: The Story of a Life* is a fictional account partly based on Appelfeld's escape from a concentration camp at the age of nine and his three years of hiding from the Nazis in the Ukrainian countryside.

In *The Retreat* there is no mention of Nazis or prophecy of war. Most of the inmates have come to the mountain because their lives have fallen apart: they have lost jobs, perhaps, or were embarrassments to their families. They are uneasy, but not really frightened, and certainly not indignant. No one, including the leader Balaban, thinks of protesting against abuse and prejudice. Other groups have defects too, admits one guest who is stalwartly trying to rid himself of tainted habits by the prescribed self-help routines. "But their defects are healthy. People say that the Austrians are heavy drinkers. Of course they are, but that, if it can be called a defect at all, is a healthy defect . . . If only the Jews knew how to drink . . . they would surely be different."

Things get worse in the mountaintop hostel; the men who descend to the village to buy provisions are beaten up regularly. Yet no one thinks this strange; no one seems to be afflicted by a foreboding of doom. The book ends flatly, without the customary distant rumbling of a world's end and with no sense of cautionary exhortation by the author. Any such message—that tribalistic savagery is mankind's eternal, bone-bred evil, perhaps—would be excessive. Appelfeld simply and affectingly bears witness, and in the end, his sole, muted voice is more effective than a choir and louder than a roar. —*By John Skow*

RILKE ARCHIVE, GERNSBACH, WEST GERMANY

Rainer and Clara Rilke, 1903

Revelations

RILKE: A LIFE
by Wolfgang Leppmann
Translated by Russell M. Stockman
Fromm; 432 pages; $22.50

Poets are known more for their legends, alas, than for their poetry: Coleridge was an opium visionary; Byron slept with his half sister; Dylan Thomas drank 18 straight whiskies and expired. Rainer Maria Rilke is remembered as the poet who pricked himself while plucking a rose, dying of the consequences.

Like many other poetic legends, it is only half true. Rilke was infected by a thorn in 1926, the last year of his life, but he died of leukemia. Even more misleading is the enduring impression of a precious, hypersensitive fop.

Wolfgang Leppmann has written the kind of biography such cases require: a solid rather than brilliant account of the off-duty Rilke, who was an odd but resilient product of the late 19th century. Born in Prague in 1875, Rilke spent the first seven years wearing dresses and long golden curls to satisfy his mother, still mourning the death in infancy of her first child. Impersonating his dead sister was the last role anybody ever imposed upon Rilke. At the age of ten he entered a military academy near Vienna. "Seize your sword," he wrote in a schoolboy poem. "Perish for your fatherland."

Leppmann, a literary historian and critic, is particularly adept at placing Rilke in his constricting time (circa 1900) and suffocating place (Habsburg Vienna). Given these obstacles, plus the additional one of a neurotic mama, no other modern poet grew more—or had further to grow. His early poems were distinguished principally for their alliteration and easy sen-

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Guido Reni (Italian), St. Matthew, c. 1630-35

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timentality, and his early manhood remarkable mainly for its seductions.

The young poet changed dramatically after serving as secretary to Sculptor Auguste Rodin, whose student, Clara Westhoff, Rilke had married in 1901. The once undisciplined lyricist began to come at words like a sculptor chiseling stone.

Soon Rilke put life, including his wife and a daughter, a distant second to art. He preferred to live alone, in second-rate hotel rooms, mostly in Paris. "I am learning to see" became his description of the writing process. He composed poems of close, naturalistic observation, as if the poet's function were, in Leppmann's words, to act as a "recording instrument."

By the time he arrived at his masterpiece, the *Duino Elegies*, Rilke was trying to record the inner vision, an "event for which there's no image." He may have been the last poet to believe he could save the world if he could describe it exactly and eloquently enough.

The first elegy came to him in 1912. It was a decade later, spent in wandering from France to Germany to Switzerland, from Spain to Italy to Africa, before he completed the cycle. The labor exhausted him beyond recuperation. But in these final statements, Rilke came as close as a modern poet can to healing what he called the "fractures" of his life.

The *Duino Elegies* are obsessed with death. They speak of "Nights of Affliction" and "Primal Pain." They are thoroughly 20th century poems. Yet in the final lines of the tenth and last elegy, like bird song rising in a dark woods, Rilke reached a state too lyrical to be termed resignation: "And we, who have always thought / of happiness climbing, would feel / the emotion that almost startles / when happiness falls." With these haunted and aspiring words, the singer finally became his song. —*By Melvin Maddocks*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Aquitaine Progression, *Ludlum (1 last week)*
2. The Haj, *Uris (2)*
3. Heretics of Dune, *Herbert (3)*
4. The Butter Battle Book, *Seuss (4)*
5. Warday, *Strieber and Kunetka (5)*
6. Pet Sematary, *King (6)*
7. Descent from Xanadu, *Robbins (7)*
8. Smart Women, *Blume (9)*
9. Poland, *Michener*
10. Lord of the Dance, *Greeley*

NONFICTION

1. Eat to Win, *Haas (1)*
2. Motherhood, *Bombeck (2)*
3. Nothing Down, *Allen (3)*
4. Past Imperfect, *Collins (5)*
5. First Lady from Plains, *Carter (6)*
6. Tough Times Never Last, but Tough People Do!, *Schuller (4)*
7. Balls, *Nettles and Golenbock (7)*
8. The Fire from Within, *Castaneda*
9. Caveat, *Haig (9)*
10. More from Your Wok, *Better Homes and Gardens (8)*

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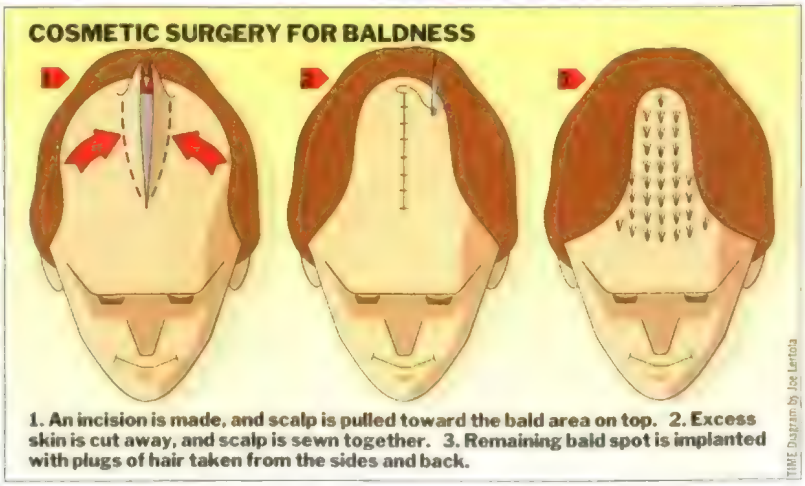


1. An incision is made, and scalp is pulled toward the bald area on top. 2. Excess skin is cut away, and scalp is sewn together. 3. Remaining bald spot is implanted with plugs of hair taken from the sides and back.

Gone Today, but Hair Tomorrow

Surgery and drugs are giving new hope to the balding

Vanity, thy name is woman? A bald lie if you ask doctors. For one of the most common cosmetic procedures in the world is usually requested by men: hair transplants. In recent years, medical efforts to reforest bare scalps have become increasingly sophisticated. A combination of new surgical procedures can now mask baldness so faithfully that "only the patient and his doctor will know for sure," according to Dermatologist Theodore Tromovitch of San Francisco. At the same time, research on a new drug treatment suggests the hair-raising possibility that baldness can be prevented in the first place, even for those fated by heredity to lose their hair.

Many of the new methods of treating sparsely covered scalps are based on a transplant technique developed in the 1950s: about 50 "plugs," each consisting of twelve to 15 hairs with follicles intact, are removed from the back of the head and implanted in the bald spots. But the process is tedious and expensive. Transplanting each plug costs $25, and three to four sessions may be necessary. Moreover, not everyone has enough hair to provide sufficient plugs.

A solution is scalp-reduction surgery, which can shrink a bald spot the size of a palm to the width of a finger. The procedure, developed about eight years ago in Canada, is performed in a doctor's office under local anesthesia. The plastic surgeon or dermatologist makes an incision in the crown and then tugs firmly on the scalp, pulling hair-covered areas from the sides of the head toward the bare area on top *(see diagram)*. A section of the bald scalp is cut away, and the incision is closed with stitches. The 60-min. procedure may be repeated to reduce further the size of the bald spot, which is eventually filled in with transplanted plugs. The approximate cost of surgery each time: $1,200. However, says San Francisco Dermatologist Alan Gaynor, in one out of four cases the patient's scalp is too tight to be stretched.

Another new procedure has made it possible to avoid the artificial-looking hairline left by transplants. Using a Danish technique, doctors can now insert plugs of just one or two hairs in front of an implanted area to simulate a natural hairline.

The latest hope in treating baldness is a drug originally designed to combat hypertension: minoxidil, made by Upjohn. It proved to have the bizarre side effect of promoting hair growth everywhere on the body, probably because it increases blood supply to the hair follicles. Trying to make a virtue of necessity, Upjohn began a number of studies in which minoxidil ointment was rubbed onto the scalp. In Washington, D.C., early this month, Dr. Hideo Uno, of the University of Wisconsin, reported that "minoxidil stopped the natural process of balding" in monkeys that normally lose their hair. So far, results in humans have been less clear-cut. "There is no question that minoxidil can stimulate growth in some patients," says San Francisco Dermatologist Vera Price, but the yield is often nothing more than a fine peach fuzz. It may be that minoxidil will be most effective as a preventive measure, applied at the earliest signs of balding. Researchers are also investigating a dozen other chemicals, including hormones, all of which require further testing. One thing is certain: there will be no shortage of volunteers. —*By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Robert Buderi/San Francisco and Mary Carpenter/New York*

Turning a Leaf

A poison ivy vaccine is near

Fire fighters battling brushfires in Southern California's Los Padres National Forest have long had to cope with an occupational hazard beyond that of smoke and flames: poison oak, the Western cousin of poison ivy. Not only do they risk coming into contact with the vine, but they also breathe in fumes from its burning leaves, often resulting in infections of the eyes, throat and lungs, as well as rashes and itching skin. "It's almost everywhere," says Forest Service Researcher Jerry Oltman. "It's a real problem."

Every year Americans from gardeners to hikers groan and curse at the effects of poison ivy. As much as 25% of the population is so sensitive to the weed that contact can result in high fever and oozing blisters. Lotions are generally ineffective, and steroids, prescribed for the most severe cases, can produce a serious drug reaction. But help is at hand. A flurry of scientific advances promises to take the sting out of one of North America's most irritating environmental hazards:

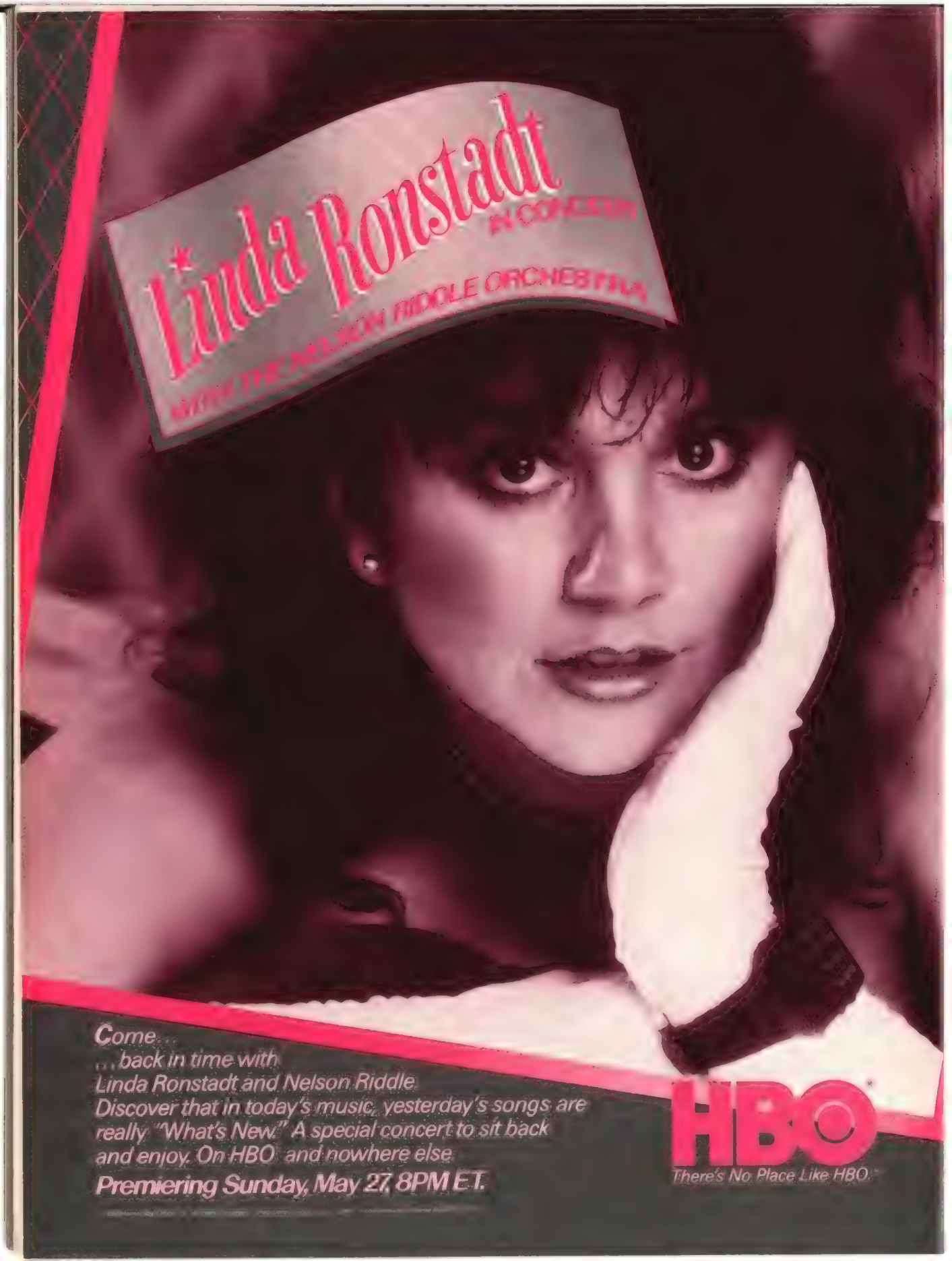
▸ An experimental vaccine, in pill form, offering real hope for permanent protection has passed its preliminary tests at the University of California at San Francisco and seems headed for Food and Drug Administration approval within two years.

▸ More immediately, the Forest Service is testing a method for quickly showing if a person is sensitive to the poison ivy family. In the test, also developed at U.C.S.F., a small drop of the plant's poisonous chemical, urushiol, is placed on the arm, and the reaction is monitored.

▸ For those shown to be sensitive to the plant, scientists at the Oregon Health Sciences University in Portland have developed a cream that can be applied daily and that prevents the toxin from reaching the skin. To shield fire fighters from the plant's toxic smoke, the researchers are also developing a specially treated material that can be fashioned into protective clothing and masks.

The toxic weed

Scientists have long understood how to make vaccines from urushiol. But what protection these drugs provided was accompanied by an excruciating side effect: anal itching. Last year, researchers found a way to neutralize the urushiol molecules that cause the itching. Dr. William Epstein, who heads the U.C.S.F. research team, told a meeting of dermatologists in Toronto last week that the new vaccine could be on the market in time for the 1986 poison ivy season. ■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Queen and Hippy

UNDER THE ILEX
by Clyde Talmage

"You have a way with men," says Lytton Strachey to his endlessly adoring companion, Dora Carrington. "I wish I knew your secret."

The remark aptly summarizes much of the poignancy, torment and humor that marked the 16 messy years of their relationship, years out of which Clyde Talmage has distilled a rather too neat but very lively play. *Under the Ilex*, at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater, provides its only actors, Julie Harris and Leonard Frey, with roles rich in opportunities for virtuosity that they gratefully, even hungrily, exploit.

Strachey, of course, was the eminent biographer of *Eminent Victorians* (among others) and one of the central figures in that most prominent and influential of this century's literary circles, the Bloomsbury group. He was also a homosexual who was incapable of sustaining an intimate relationship with any of his male lovers. Carrington was a painter of modest gifts who gave him constancy despite having, as Strachey's biographer Michael Holroyd put it, a "solitary and promiscuous nature, like that of a cat." Indeed, so intense was her necessarily platonic devotion that she committed suicide shortly after he died in 1932 rather than go on without him.

It is the contemplation of this act, and the decision to go through with it, that provides Talmage with the framework for his play. Perhaps despairing of handling the glittering literary cast that thronged through his characters' lives, the playwright turns everyone from Virginia Woolf to Carrington's sailor-lover into throwaway lines. As a theatrical contrivance this works amusingly. But it is one thing to simplify, for dramatic convenience, the structure of historical lives and quite another to oversimplify their emotional tenor. In Talmage's hands, the brilliant Strachey becomes a fussy queen; the dangerously unstable Carrington, a ditsy pre-hippy. Like Noël Coward, Talmage seems to think the ideal relationship between a man and a woman is that of innocently playful and bantering siblings to whom heterosexuality is no more than one of nature's less tasteful jokes.

One feels almost churlish for observing that the historical truth is more complex and interesting than that, so effective is *Under the Ilex* as a theater piece. Talmage has a genuine talent for witty dialogue, Charles Nelson Reilly has directed with an inventiveness that is only occasionally overenthusiastic, and the actors are near perfect. One suspects there is more gallantry in Frey's Strachey, more simple romanticism and humanity in Harris' Carrington than either history or the script invested them with. Be that as it may, one also suspects that in a theatrical climate where the domestication of homoexoticism for the middle-class market is a prime order of business, this play may well find its place as a sort of *La Cage aux Folles sans* score, but *avec* an up-market literary-historical twist.

—By Richard Schickel

SERGE GOLDSTEIN

Leonard Frey and Julie Harris in *Ilex*

Domesticating the homoexotic.

Gorky and Bess

HANG ON TO ME *by Maxim Gorky*
Music by George Gershwin
Lyrics by Ira Gershwin

What do Maxim Gorky, the founder of Socialist realism, and the Gershwin brothers of Broadway and Hollywood have in common? That was the intriguing question when Minneapolis' Guthrie Theater announced that Director Peter Sellars, the theater world's newest *Wunderkind*, would make a musical out of Gorky's long, semipolemical play *Summerfolk* by adding Gershwin songs. After last week's opening of the hybrid, the answer is, alas, all too apparent: Gorky and Gershwin have nothing in common except Sellars himself.

Written in 1904, *Summerfolk* was prescient about the 1905 revolution in Russia, which was a dress rehearsal for the cataclysm that brought the Bolsheviks to power twelve years later. Reflecting the boredom and despair of the Russian middle class, it is Gorky's most Chekhovian work. It follows, without an obvious plot, the lives and loves of the summer folk who spend their vacations, as always, in cottages in the woods. Sellars, 26, who came to national attention with a production of *The Inspector General* at the American Repertory Theater at Harvard while he was still an undergraduate there, has said in interviews that *Summerfolk's* very sprawl and lack of discipline struck him as quintessentially American. He believed that with only a few word changes, it could be set in the U.S. of 1984. That was his first mistake. Despite such up-to-date props as *Hustler* magazine and barbecue aprons that say KISS THE CHEF, the play remains obdurately Russian and an unmistakable creation of its time.

JOE GIANNETTI

Tatum makes fascinating rhythms in *Hang*

An invitation to the wrong party.

Sellars' second error, which is almost admirable in its audacity, was to introduce Gershwin to Gorky. Fired last year as director of *My One and Only*, which brought Gershwin back to Broadway, Sellars apparently wanted to show how he would have directed Gershwin had he been allowed to. In fact, using only two pianos, he and Musical Director Craig Smith stage the songs with charm and style. It is a pleasure to hear little-known works like the title song along with old favorites like *Fascinating Rhythm*, which is affectingly sung by Marianne Tatum and a group of children. But with very few exceptions, George and Ira seem as uncomfortable in Gorky's play as they would be if they had been invited to the wrong party by the wrong person. In *Oh, Lady Be Good!*, for instance, Ira's lyrics say it is spring in the city; Gorky's text insists that it is summer in the country.

Almost too bold and imaginative, *Hang On to Me* offers hints of the wonderful things Sellars may yet do, but does not do in this ungainly production. Although his cast of 26 is skillful and professional, he has wildly miscast some roles. Several of his players are too old for their parts; some are not attractive enough to justify the admiration the play says they capture. The production, with one intermission, runs more than four grueling hours. It would be pleasant to report that Sellars' experiment in cultural détente is a brilliant failure. But that would be only half true.

—By Gerald Clarke

Round and Round They Go

Too few top conductors fill too many jobs, again and again

After such a long and bitter dispute, the climax was no surprise. American Conductor Lorin Maazel abruptly abrogated his contract as director of the Vienna State Opera and resigned effective Sept. 1. Said Austrian Minister of Education and Art Helmut Zilk, who oversees the opera company and had clashed repeatedly with Maazel during the conductor's 1½-year tenure: "I don't want to say anything bad about him, but he has no manners and is a megalomaniac." Observed Maazel: "Every three weeks we have another unprofessional statement from a minister who only goes to football games. I told him to take the bloody job."

With his announcement last month, Maazel, 54, became the latest in a long line of conductorial fugitives from Vienna's legendary operatic snake pit. Among the others: Gustav Mahler, Richard Strauss and Herbert von Karajan, all of whom found the Viennese insatiable thirst for intrigue intolerable. But Maazel's departure also marks a new round in a process that seems to have become habitual among international maestros today: they trade top jobs and collect new ones like baseball cards.

Originally, Maazel had declared that he would not return to Vienna after his contract expired in 1986. With what appeared to be almost gleeful haste, the opera company signed his replacement, precipitating his departure *rapido:* Italian Claudio Abbado, 50, who finished as music director at Milan's La Scala opera house last month. (Maazel's purely administrative duties have fallen to new General Director Claus Helmut Drese.) To fill Abbado's prized post, La Scala tapped another Italian, Philadelphia Orchestra Conductor Riccardo Muti, 42. In 1982 Muti rejected a similar offer from London's Royal Opera House to follow Sir Colin Davis there in 1986. Apparently La Scala's was an offer he could not refuse, although he will continue to lead the Philadelphia.

Meanwhile, Maazel last week was named music consultant to the Pittsburgh Symphony. But wait. Hasn't André Previn been music director there for the past eight years? Yes, but three weeks ago, Previn, 55, accepted an offer from the Los Angeles Philharmonic to succeed Carlo Maria Giulini as its music director beginning in January 1986. Previn's departure from Pittsburgh was sealed when he lost an ugly power struggle with Managing Director Marshall Turkin over the orchestra's artistic direction, a rupture that Previn declines to confirm. "To lose a job is one thing, but to keep your manners has to be done at the same time," says the Berlin-born, California-bred Previn, who previously led the London Symphony for eleven years. He was promptly snapped up by Ernest Fleischmann, the executive director in Los Angeles, who when manager of the London Symphony first brought Previn there as a guest conductor. Deadpans Fleischmann of his happy timing: "It was great luck."

Maazel says he is not a candidate to replace Previn permanently, but will merely advise the Pittsburgh orchestra on programming and hiring conductors and soloists. "This is just to tide them over," says the conductor, who grew up in Pittsburgh and played violin in the orchestra for two seasons. He says he wants to concentrate on composing and guest conducting. "I have been in music administration for 20 years in Berlin, Cleveland and Vienna. This is the first time in two decades when I can just make music." In case he changes his mind, Maazel has commitments to lead several Pittsburgh Symphony concerts over the next two years, including highly visible engagements at New York City's Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center and at the Kennedy Center in Washington.

What all these changes add up to is a game of musical chairs, but with a reverse twist: there are too many chairs and not enough players. At any given moment, the number of major conductors in the world is insufficient to accommodate the opera companies and orchestras that are clamoring for their services. The top maestros jump from podium to podium to fill the gaps and often hold more than one job at a time; Abbado, for example, also conducts the London Symphony, and next year Previn will add London's Royal Philharmonic to his duties.

In the past two years, the orchestras of Cleveland, Baltimore, Detroit, Houston, San Francisco and Utah have filled conductorial vacancies, and at least seven other U.S. ensembles are searching. Cleveland, Detroit and San Francisco were forced to reach outside the narrow circle of superstars for Christoph von Dohnányi, Gunther Herbig and Herbert Blomstedt, Europeans relatively obscure to U.S. audiences. Others have breached the prejudice against Americans, as Baltimore did in hiring David Zinman.

Most administrators agree that the current crop of leading conductors is too small and the temptations of jet travel too great for the widespread return of the old-fashioned music director like George Szell in Cleveland or Eugene Ormandy in Philadelphia. Says Gideon Toeplitz, executive director of the Houston Symphony: "If Ormandy were young today, nobody would expect him to stay 40 years with his orchestra." The globe-trotting, if-this-is-Tuesday types are not about to be tied down. "It's easy to stand up and beat time and have fancy choreography and a good tailor, but that does not make a good conductor," observes Fleischmann. "What we need is magicians capable of performing mysterious acts with an orchestra." Alas, the favored trick today seems to be the vanishing act. ***—By Michael Walsh. Reported by Gertraud Lessing/Vienna, with other bureaus***

ZIMBEROFF—GAMMA LIAISON

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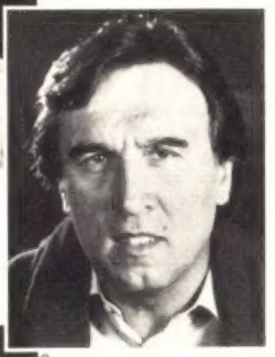

GINIES—SIPA PRESS

A game of musical chairs with more chairs than players: clockwise from left, Muti, Previn, Abbado and Maazel

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